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Vol. CXX. No. 1573 MAR. 15, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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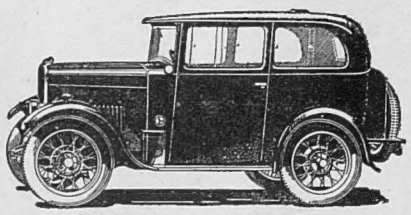

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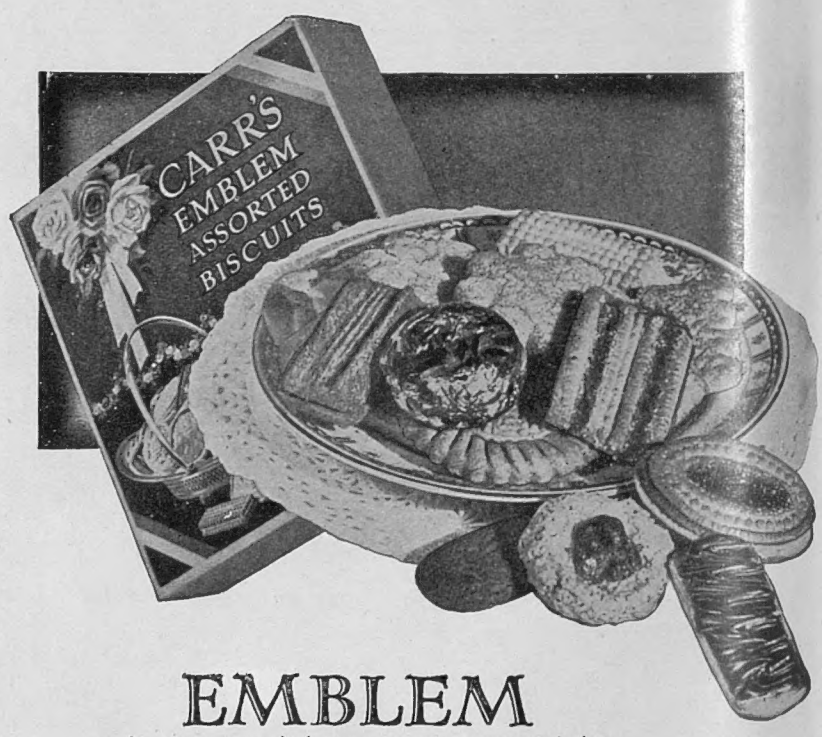

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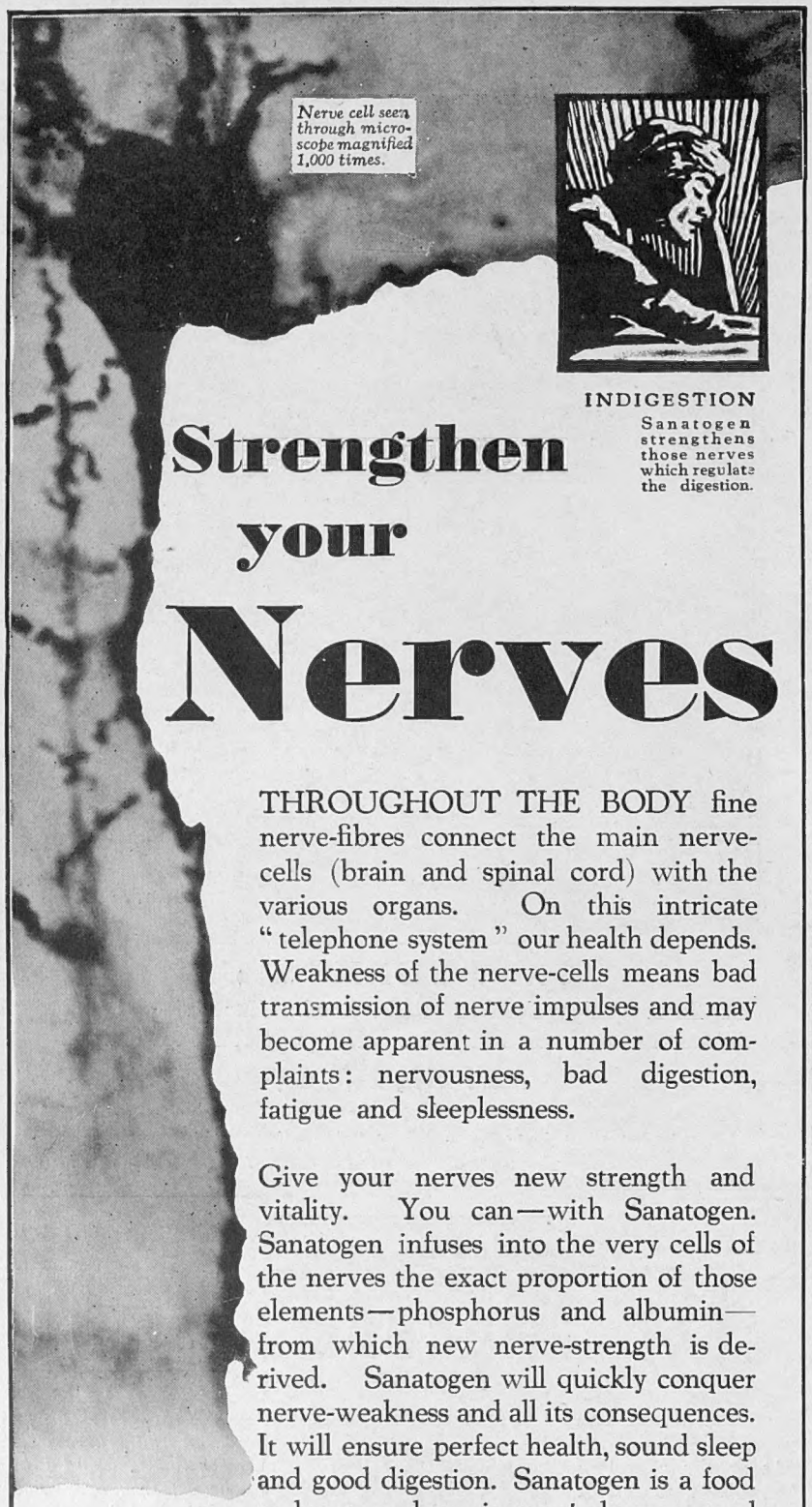

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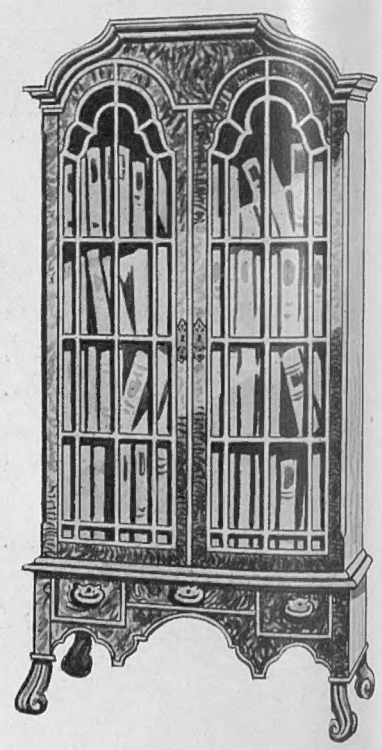

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THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

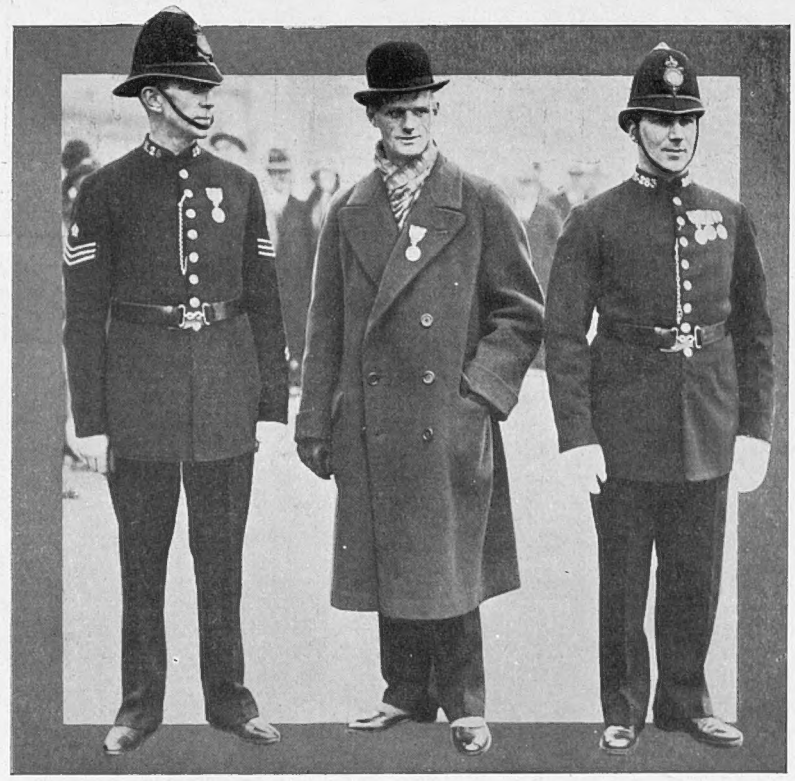
With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXX. No. 1573 | Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } | London, March 15, 1930

Aeropostale

SCENES as of WAR
Owing to the TRAGIC FLOODS
near Montauban

The floods in the neighbourhood of Montauban have eclipsed any natural tragedy that has befallen the pleasant land of France within living memory. In the immediate area of Montauban alone it is believed that well over 100 lives have been lost, while in the whole flooded districts over 700 deaths by drowning have been recorded. The same "coincidence"—or something higher—that obtained so frequently during the War, is to be noted in the picture seen above, namely, that the only building untouched by the floods is the church. The similarity between the flooded districts and those decimated by the War is marked, a fact to be confirmed by reference to p. 425 where other *Aeropostale* pictures of the floods are reproduced. President Doumergue and Prime Minister Tardieu paid a visit to the stricken area where, as a climax of horror, a cemetery was flooded.



THE KING'S INVESTITURE: King George held an investiture at Buckingham Palace last week, the first since his illness. Left to right: Sergeant C. Bacon (life-saving at Yarmouth), ex-P.C. Branthwaite (who was commended by Lord Byng for his evidence at the Royal Commission on Police Powers), and P.C. Beacham, who tackled single-handed five motor bandits in the Old Kent Road. All three are of the Metropolitan Police, and received the King's Police Medal

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, March 12.

All Serene.—Mr. Baldwin chose old texts for the funeral oration which he spoke in the empty shell of the Hotel Cecil. The setting was worthy of the occasion—a great Conservative rally; and the corpse—the body of a Crusader in full armour—was hurried in by Lord Beaverbrook with almost indecent haste before the epilogue was well finished. We all claim a little merit for securing this satisfactory demise, we have all painted the picture of Conservative apathy as black as we knew how, we have all shoved our little pins into Mr. Baldwin's solid frame and stimulated him to just one more reckless declaration of a more or less clear policy. God knows in his political career Mr. Baldwin has learned the danger and embarrassment which inevitably attend any political promise, any declared policy. But the time had come for one more plunge, and the effect was astonishing. The cause of Conservatism heaved a sigh of relief, the ranks closed like magic. Indeed the swiftness with which Lord Beaverbrook brought in the squad of Crusaders seemed to indicate that the possession of a private army is attended with embarrassing difficulties. It is quite amazing how the whole atmosphere of Conservatism has cleared. And in cold blood what has brought about the transformation scene?

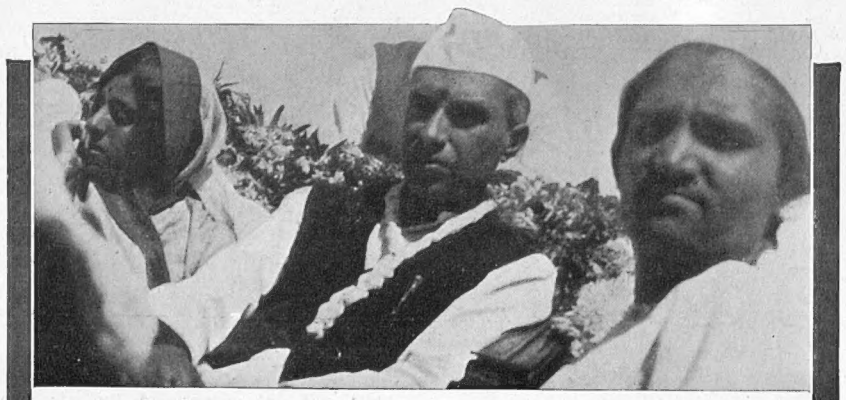
Form Square.—The resurrection of two hoary old-stage properties, a full-dress Conference and a Referendum; the careful arrangement of a score of well-worn political phrases; the studied rearrangement of the hundred words most common in political speeches. What matters the how, what matters indeed the why, so long as the result is so satisfactory. How clear it becomes now that in the last month every sane man in the country who embraces the Conservative cause has at last realised the danger of apathy, of private animosities, of philosophic doubt, in the face of the organised and undisputed advance of sentimental and unthinking Socialism. Guerilla warfare has proved its failure to withstand it. The deadly peril of the country, the doom of prized institutions, is apparent at last to the Press Lord and Politician, to Crusader and crusty Conservative. A united front against national pauperisation is the vital need of every conflicting interest. And at long last the faintest gesture served to close the ranks once more. It is immensely cheering.

The Lansdowne Marbles.—That we have not seen the last of the best of the Lansdowne Marbles I feel tolerably certain, and I shall hope one morning to wake up and find myself the owner (with you) of others besides *The Sleeping Nymph*. One should no more go to look at a famous mansion dismantled than one should see in déshabille a great beauty of the Edwardian Age. That way lies disillusionment. Lansdowne House, dirty, bare, with faded, picture-marked walls, and its ghastly contrasts of kitchen chairs and Grecian glories, miracles in marble and small-holder's junk, was a most depressing spectacle last week. I suppose there was not one of us who went there who did not realise the extent of social change in our time while we inspected those famous marbles. There are not a dozen private houses left in this country which could house such objects of art without acute embarrassment. Yet to our fathers such things were the natural adornment of noblemen's palaces. Statuary is fit to-day only for museums and public gardens in sunny climes. Sharp and refreshing was the contrast when one passed into Sir Philip Sassoon's cheerful and well-ordered house to inspect the collection of well-ordered and cheerful conversation pictures there displayed. A jolly show.

Charles Whibley.—Charles Whibley's death came as a great shock to me. So short a time ago, following his long and tiresome illness, I talked with him in London and had his assurance that he was indeed out of the wood and free to resume in moderation his literary work. In letters and politics he belonged rightly to the eighteenth century, to the days when men spoke their minds about political opponents, when a Whig was a red devil with a forked tail to any decent Tory, when a man was either a gentleman or a person beyond the pale of criticism, when eating was a sacrament and wine a subject for serious consideration by men of taste, when conversation was an intellectual pastime, and witty social gossip the cream of conversation. He was the most entertaining companion imaginable. If you craved for electric shocks, you turned him on to Lord Northcliffe; if you wanted to rock with malicious laughter, you could not do better than snatch an occasion when he and Lord Wemyss sat late at the dinner table. If you cared to revive the lost art of friendship, you mentioned George Wyndham and left the rest to Charles Whibley. And if you loved to hear literature discoursed on by a man of taste and tradition and shrewd judgment, you turned to Whibley before all. Of course he made enemies, of course he was downright. What man was ever claimed as a valued friend who made no enemies and struck no hard blows? I am glad to have known him, glad to remember a dozen intimate talks with him. I mourn him as a friend and kindly mentor, and an outspoken enemy of vulgarity and humbug.

The Prince.—The Prince is quite well again and enjoying a new safari. The news of his illness received an embarrassing Press, but that is a misfortune to which an heir to the throne is inured. The importance attached to an "ordinary little dose of malaria" surprised and annoyed East Africa, because it is bad tourist publicity. And true it is that nobody thinks anything of a dose of fever in Africa, for even a short visit to the Sudan entails a fair risk of a nodding acquaintance with the nasty bug for the rest of one's life. But there's nothing very serious in that, and the tendency to malaria with proper treatment weakens and disappears if visits to malarial countries are not repeated. East Africa should not blame the English Press, for it dealt with the Prince's attack with the consideration which it ever extends to him, recognising his loathing of fuss and coddling. It was otherwise in the States, where editors devoted the whole of their front pages to alarmist headlines and embarrassed him with the anxious solicitude extended to the pale young curate's cough. The Prince's safari has had its share of bad luck, just as last year, but there is no reason why a third try shouldn't prove entirely lucky, and in any case he has enjoyed some wonderful experiences.

No Bed of Roses.—The bed on which Mr. Snowden lies was never a bed of thornless roses, and just now the thorns are uppermost. He turns from detestation of his predecessor's insane finance to loathing of his confrères' passion for spending, and each twist of his neck is attended with violent twinges. Before he entirely damns his predecessor he must remember that the late Government's rich suspensory account will more than cover the 15 millions to be found for de-rating. Thus Mr. Snowden is left to whistle for a wind which will blow him about 30 millions of new money, needed principally for widows and old-age pensions, education, and agriculture, health and housing grants, and of course unemployment grants. He means to save a few paltry millions on our bedrock fighting services, and time has lightened a little the special War grants and pensions, but for the rest there is nothing for it but to add the last straw to the back of that tottering camel, the 2 per cent. of the population which pays any appreciable tax on income. That the country is in tune now for a substantial scheme of luxury taxation I feel in my bones, but being a child in such matters I know not if the most grandiose scheme of taxation is but a trivial source of revenue. This I know, that the sun is not likely to set cheerfully on April 14.



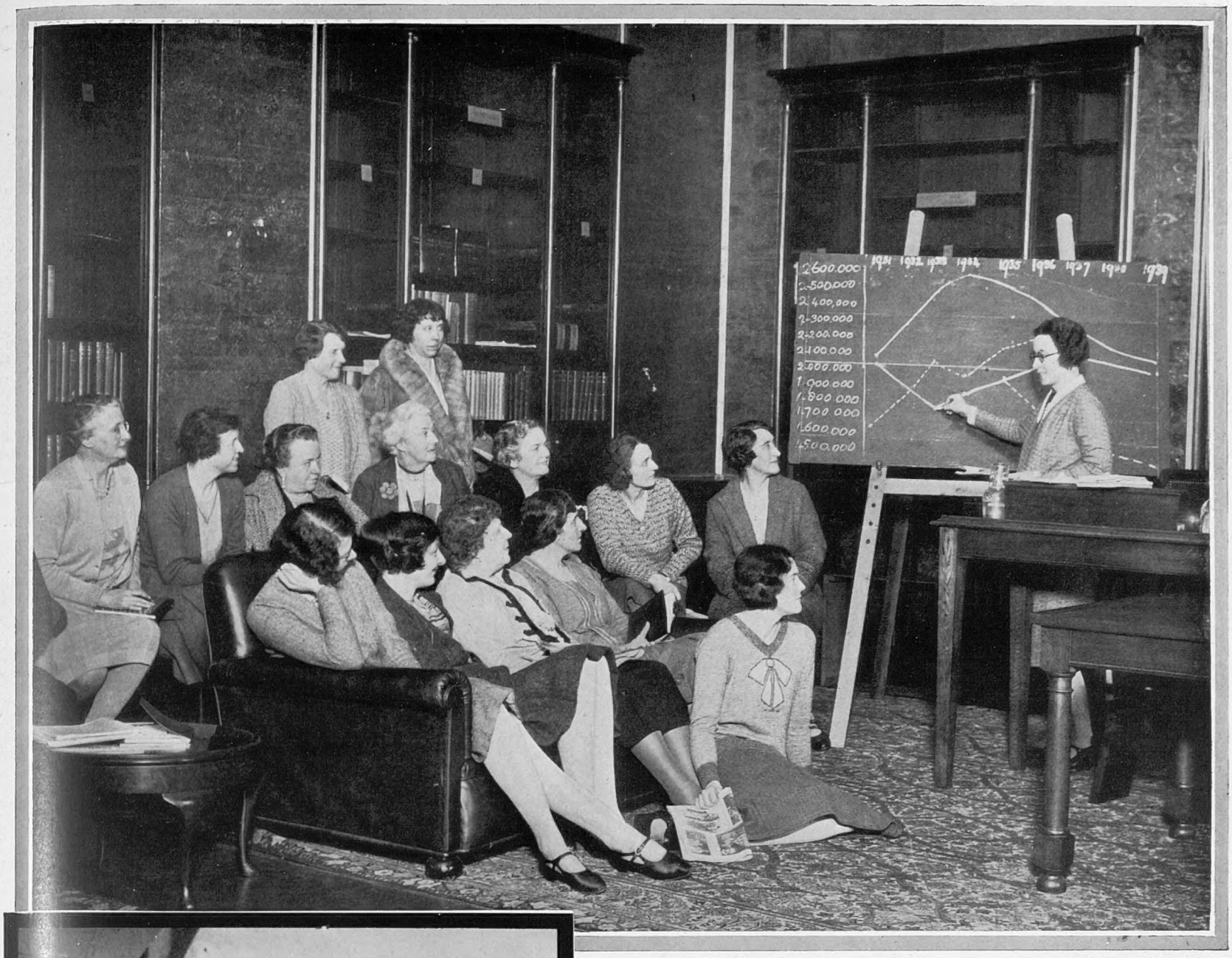
THE PRESIDENT OF THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS: Pandit Jawahatlal Nehen with his youngest sister rides on banks of flowers through the streets of Ahmedabad in the procession held in connection with the decision to enforce Gandhi's plan of a civil disobedience campaign. The plan seems doomed to disappointment as Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, answered a threatening letter from the "saintly" sedition-monger in the iciest manner and much leave throughout the country was officially stopped

The Open Road.—And now the pink blossom is out again along the Portsmouth road and the signs of spring are many and clear, and the fatal 25th, which calls one to the open road and closes it in the same breath to the nervous or the squeamish is upon us. Driving perpetually along the Portsmouth road I naturally notice its evolution and its phases. This winter it has been quite unexpectedly free of traffic. Why it is I cannot say, but hundreds would confirm my statement that the old road has carried far less traffic this winter than last. On the other hand, the changes in evidence will sadden those whose cars enjoy a winter sleep. Ripley and Guildford are politely joining hands. Esher and Cobham, Cobham and Ripley, desecrating their woods and heathlands, are yearning towards each other in 2-acre plots. You'll meet a score of new bijou villas, complete with garage, standing isolated in bare fields without benefit of a single tree. Everywhere you will note the activity of the speculator and the builder, and the total inactivity of imagination and taste. The dragon has got a long start of St. George along road A.3. I doubt if even the removal of the speed-limit will bring the protagonists to grips. Truth to tell, the pink blossom blushing out as of old in the familiar places came as a pleasant surprise to me. I had come to believe that nothing but bricks blush on that old highway.

A Beneficent Credit System.—The resignation of editors of our favourite reviews must not be suffered to grow into a habit. Mr. Gishford of Wadham has followed Mr. Barry's lead and resigned his editorship of the *Isis*. Mr. Barry has been rewarded with a brand new review. There is always the danger that Oxford may found a new review to reward Mr. Gishford. Mr. Gishford should not receive any reward. Two she-bears should emerge from the Wadham shrubberies and swallow him up. He had no right to cry "Go up, thou baldhead" to that long-suffering optimist, the Oxford tradesman, whose prices are not nearly so long as his credit terms. Is there an alumnus living who does not owe a debt to his Oxford haberdasher, albeit for some of us that debt is now mercifully barred by the Statute of Limitations? After all, it is a beneficent and generous system of unlimited tick which has made possible the evolution of that unique institution, the High Steward of our University, Lord Birkenhead, "half-scholar and half-card, and all a wonder and a strange delight." On strictly cash terms you cannot create from the raw material a scholarly-fox-hunting-Demosthenes - Aristophanes - galloping - moralising - roystering - Lord Chancellor-Pennialinus. Generous credit is the life-blood of big industrial undertakings.

The Martyr's Crown.—Mr. Gandhi is determined to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as a little child and is ready to sacrifice such reputation as he has built up among the Hindu masses and half-baked students for patriotic and dignified statesmanship on the chance of embarrassing the British Government. His puerile ultimatum is indeed embarrassing. The very last thing the Viceroy wants is Gandhi's martyrdom. Lord Lloyd was faced with the same problem in Bombay. One is therefore struck by the simple neatness of Lord Irwin's reply to the egregious ultimatum. He did not insult Gandhi by a contemptuous silence or a lighthearted riposte, neither did he flatter him with an earnest prayer for reconsideration of the awful consequences. With superb skill he steered between the extreme courses of humorous contempt and anxious concern. And in fairness to Gandhi let us remember that in the National Congress his voice has often pleaded for delay and moderation.

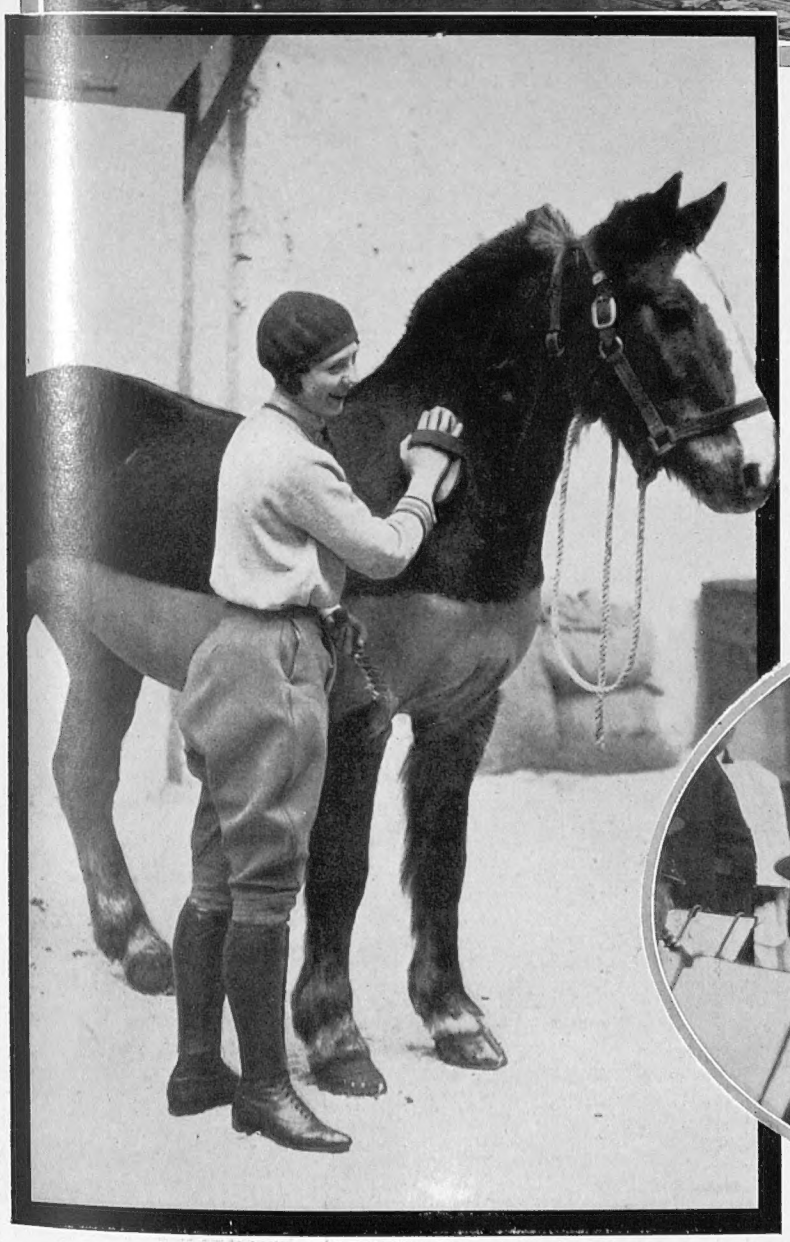
THE OLD STAGER.



A SCHOOL OF POLITICS FOR WOMEN: Twenty-eight wives of members of Parliament are attending an intensive course of study in politics at the Bonar Law College, Berkhamsted, to enable them to help in their husbands' constituencies even if they do not embrace a political career on their own account. The Hon. Mary Pickford is seen above lecturing

WOMEN in the Week's News

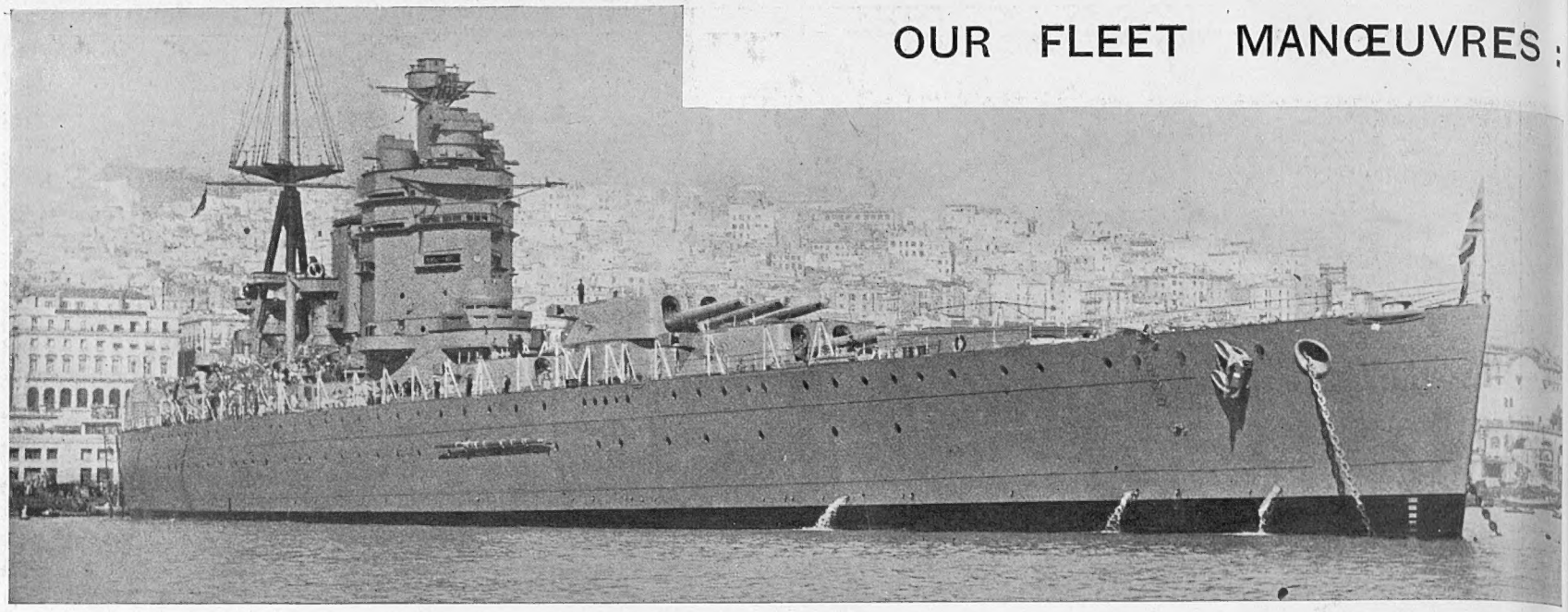
M.P.'s Wives go to (a Political) School: The Pankhurst Memorial: Lady Wright at the Hunter Show



NOTABILITIES BOTH! Lady Wright who, as Miss Bullows, gained a great reputation as an expert horsewoman, grooms one of her ponies at the Hunter and Thoroughbred Show held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in succession to the Shire Horse Show

UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL TO THE MOST MILITANT OF THE SUFFRAGETTES: Dame Ethel Smythe, a Suffragist of the early days, conducts the Police Band, playing her own compositions at the unveiling of the memorial to Mrs. Pankhurst by Mrs. E. K. Marshall in Victoria Gardens

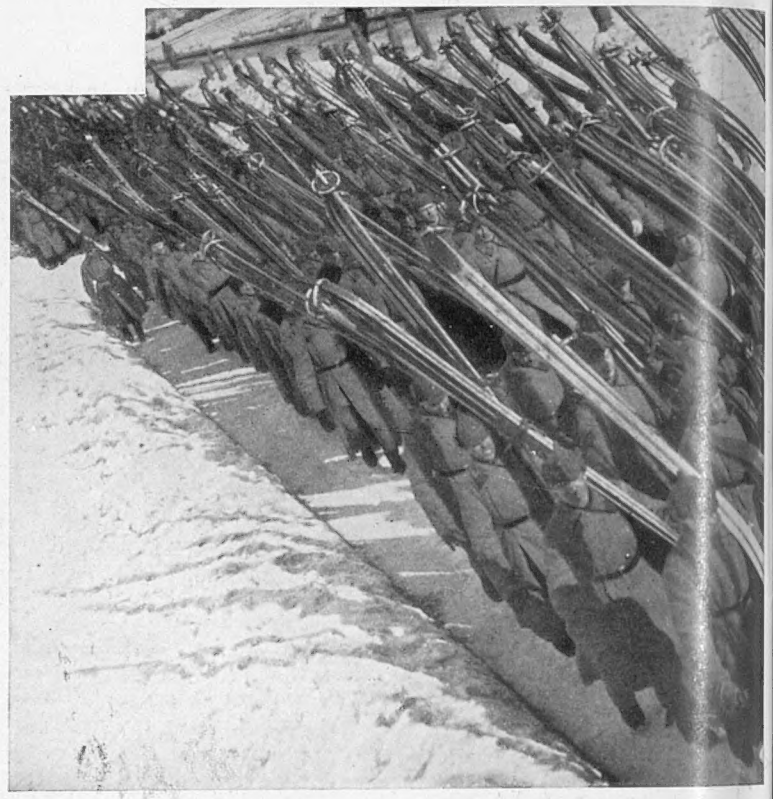
OUR FLEET MANŒUVRES:



BRITANNIA'S FIRST LINE: H.M.S. "Rodney" at anchor off Algiers during the naval manœuvres. This is the first time that a vessel of such gigantic proportions has visited Algiers, a portion of which city is seen in the background. H.M.S. "Rodney" and her sister ship, H.M.S. "Nelson," are the two largest and most powerful battleships in the world

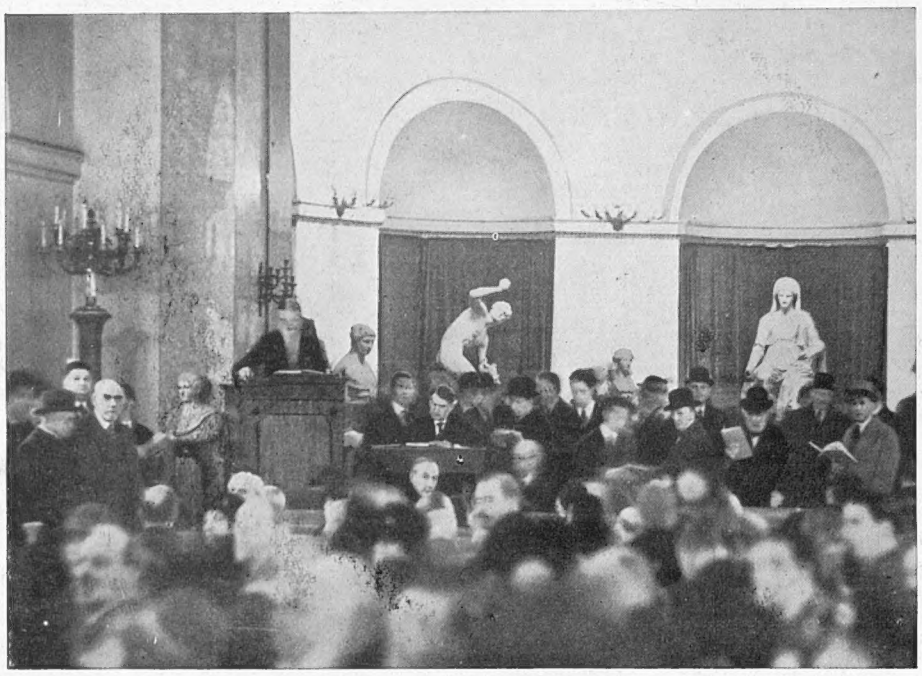
MOSCOW READY FOR "WAR"

TWELVE YEARS OLD: A scene during the review in the Park for Culture and Rest, Moscow. After the military parade in honour of the twelfth anniversary of the Red Army and the tenth anniversary of the Cavalry Army, a horse and ski competition was held



ARMED—TO THE TOES! Columns of the Red Army marching with skis during the celebration parade and horse and ski competitions held near Moscow on the banks of the Moskva River. The Russian military overcoat is again with us

HUGE PRICES FOR LANSDOWNE MARBLES

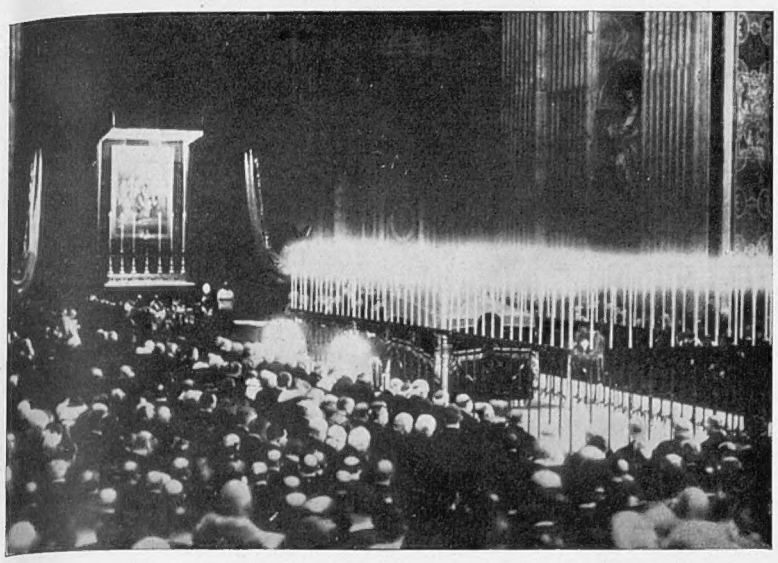


UNDER THE HAMMER: A general view of the sale of the Lansdowne marbles, whose total value was estimated at half-a-million sterling. The auction was conducted at Lansdowne House, soon to be a club, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods

IN PORPHYRY: The Emperor Vitellius. The rendering of the pupils by a hollow is an unantique feature of the bust

TWENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND GUINEAS: "The Wounded Amazon," in Pentelic marble, ascribed to Polykleitos

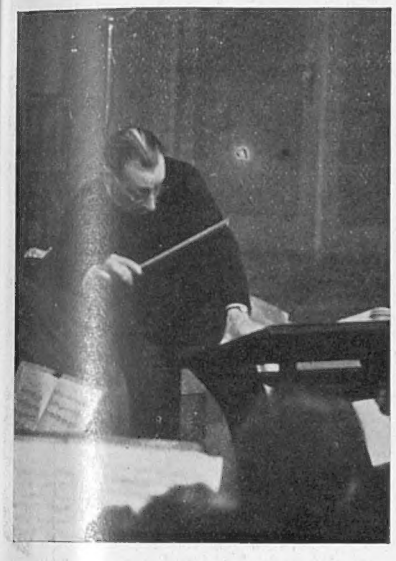
A FAMOUS CARDINAL DIES



THE CARDINAL LIES IN STATE: The impressive scene in the nave of S.S. Protesso and Martiniano. The catafalque was surrounded by 100 candles

FROM ST. PETER'S TO THE VATICAN: The last earthly journey of Cardinal Merry del Val, brother of the Spanish Ambassador, who journeyed to Rome for the funeral

UNCONVENTIONAL CONDUCTING



EUROPE'S PREMIER MUSICIAN STARTLES MUSICAL CIRCLES: Igor Stravinsky, the celebrated Russian composer, who has the genius to make four instruments do the work of a full orchestra, conducts an orchestra in Berlin. His "comrade" costume of black sweater in lieu of tail-coat came as something of a shock to conventional music-lovers

TWO FAMOUS PLAYS ENACTED

WHISKERS TRIUMPHANT! A modern finds fame in an ancient play. Miss Tallulah Bankhead as "The Lady of the Camellias," newly interpreted from the French of Dumas by Edith Reynolds and Sir Nigel Playfair. Surrounding Miss Bankhead are Messrs. D. A. Clarke-Smith, Mr. Marcus Russell, C. V. France, G. Byam Shaw, Richard Goulden, Harold Warrender, and Cecil Humphrys. Miss Bankhead gave a very pleasing rendering of the famous part

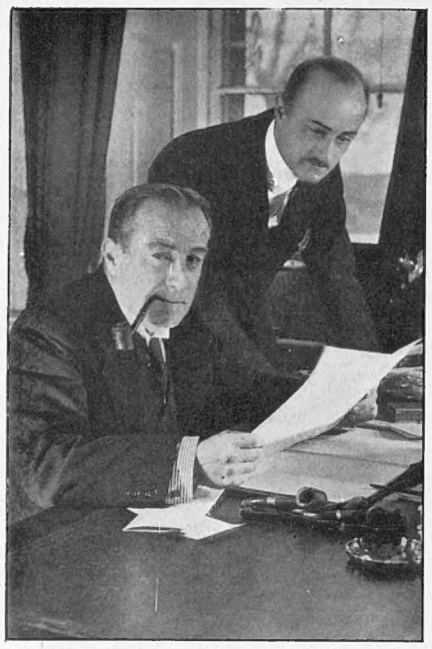
THE "BACCHÆ" OF EURIPIDES: An impressive moment during last week's production by members of Cambridge University. This strangest of Greek plays was written in the fifth century B.C.

The Changed Complexion of the MOTHER of PARLIAMENTS.

The Sonorous Oratory of Yesterday, the Sartorial Splendour of the Day Before, give Place to the Work-a-day Atmosphere of 1930

By CHARLES T. KING

(ex-Chairman of the Parliamentary Lobbyists)



"MR. BALDWIN HAS A QUIET HUMOUR"! A sympathetic study of the ex-Conservative Prime Minister

Ornate live oratory and illustrative dead languages left the House of Commons with the silk hat. This is part of the remarkable change that has come over the British Parliament in the past ten or twelve years. Three factors have been at work in the making of the new complexion of the Mother of Parliaments.

These three are (1) the departure of the witty and turbulent Irish, (2) the incursion of women's M.P.'s, and (3) the dour clutch of economics.

The Mother of Parliaments is a daily standing contradiction. While she clings fast to the beautiful old forms of ceremonial that have come down with her through the ages, her speech, her style, her dress, and her manners have changed with the new order. During the past ten years she has brought herself along to what some might call a lower if more practical plane, in step with the mechanisation of mankind.

Dr. Macnamara, who was a Minister in the Governments of Asquith and Lloyd George, said to me in 1920, "We are in for ten years of economics." That prophecy has proved bitterly true. And at no time since I entered the Press Gallery, in 1906, to do fourteen years as the parliamentary representative of *The Daily Express*, in succession to Sir Henry Lucy, have I known a moment when the grip of economics on the Order Paper of the House of Commons has been so firm as it is now. This accounts for a great change in the style of the speeches.

The aching problems of prices, wages, dividends, exchanges, hours of labour, incomes by earning or by pension, the burdens of industry, the puzzle of money, and the stern facts of livelihood and life—these seem to have entered like a pigment into the complexion of the Mother of Parliaments.

There are no voluminous and undulating Gladstonian perorations now. There are none of the sombre sonorities of Rosebery, the heavy-footed sentences of Harcourt, or the weighty periods of John Bright. The classical quotation of a Latin tag, "to point a moral or adorn a tale," once a familiar and frequent embroidery of parliamentary diction, is gone. If a Member used a Latin phrase now there would be derisive laughter. Even in the cathedral calm of the House of Lords, although "F. E.," otherwise Lord Birkenhead, does still indulge at times in an apt touch of Latin, there is little oratory.

Few men M.P.'s (and no women M.P.'s) rise to the flights that could be called oration. The finest example of oratory during the past twelve months, standing like a peak above the plain, was the speech uttered by Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative ex-Prime Minister, on India.

There is still the sharp cut-and-thrust of debate, and the house is treated now and then to scalding satire, picturesque imagery, and a superb literary flavour by that son of an American mother and a mercurial English father, child of a great ducal house, Winston Churchill. Also Lloyd George is still, at sixty-seven, the greatest master of mirth-provoking ridicule in the House of Commons.

A little more than ten years ago no woman had taken her seat in the House of Commons. She is still rigidly barred from the House of Lords. The first woman to take her seat as an M.P. in the British House of Commons was born a citizen of the United States, and she, the Viscountess Astor, is the greatest woman example in the House of Commons to-day of what I might call the new staccato style. Dainty and vivacious, in a small black hat with a gleaming ornament in it, neatly dressed in black and white, her speeches are typically modern in style; short, practical, swift-spoken, and incisive. And her interruptions of other speakers are frequent but good-hearted.

The incursion of women is of course one of the outstanding changes made in Parliament in the last dozen years. And in June last, for the first time in our history, a woman became a member of the Cabinet. This is Miss Margaret Bondfield, whose speeches never rise to oratory, but only to the material eloquence of stern facts. Margaret Bondfield's speech has the hitting eloquence of an income tax final demand.

Although oratory is largely a thing of the past, quite a number of the M.P.'s have very fine vocal powers, and three of the women in the House of Commons have voices of singular beauty. These are the Duchess of Atholl, the Countess of Iveagh, and Lady Cynthia Mosley. Miss Jennie Lee has a first-class speaking voice of effortless carrying power, and she has brought only a slight flavour of Scots accent from the miner's cottage of her parents. The woman M.P. with the most striking, flute-like voice of deep tone is Miss Susan Lawrence, who is in the Government but not in the Cabinet—yet. All the fourteen women M.P.'s are deeply versed in affairs.

Manners, too, have changed. Of course no political party has been free from occasional interruptions, and I have seen both Liberals and Conservatives bring public business to a state of paralysis by uproar. But in regard to frequent individual ejaculations, the Labour ranks have recently become increasingly prone to this kind of ragged comment.

"Sit down Nancy!" is an exclamation I have heard flung at Lady Astor, and a few weeks ago a Labour Member who was making a speech stopped for a moment, gazed at Miss Susan Lawrence, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, who was chatting in an undertone on the Treasury Bench, and called out, "Now Susan, be quiet a minute."

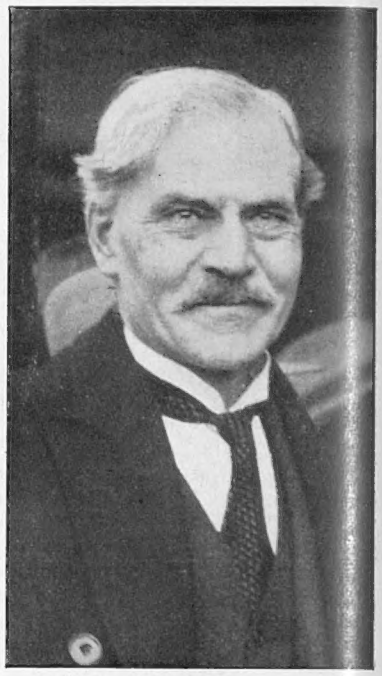
I do not think this would have been possible a dozen years ago.

A SYMBOLIC VIEW OF PARLIAMENT? A suggestive scene in the shadow of the Mother of Parliaments

I would not say that since the departure of the Irish there is no humour. Asquith, with his sedate, wrought-iron sentences, his dignified mien, his superb utterance, and his crystal gift of clarity, was quick to see, take, and give humour. Lloyd George is full of it. Baldwin has it delightfuly in a quieter sense. Ramsay MacDonald, the present Prime Minister, has a pauky Scots humour.

The fourteen women M.P.'s—with the exception of Lady Astor and Miss Susan Lawrence—treat us to little or no humour.

Some things that would have been received without a smile a dozen years ago are now met with laughter. For instance, during the present session, in a debate on diplomatic relations with Russia, Sir Rennell Rodd, now an M.P. after a life in the diplomatic service, made, in his speech, the remark that there was something else for Britain to think of besides the questions—such as trade and revolutionary propaganda—which had been spoken of in the debate. "There is also," he said in his gentle and courtly tones, "the question of our national dignity." The Labour ranks lay back and roared with laughter. This struck me as one of the real indices of the great change that has come over the House of Commons.



"MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD HAS A PAUKY SCOTS HUMOUR": A happy glimpse of the Labour P.M.

It seems but a few years since an outstanding night when I heard Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, bidding farewell to the Home Rule Bill as he sent it up to the House of Lords, "the considered judgment of the Commons of England." In that speech he spoke of hope after long struggle, and said, "Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem." The feeling of the House, as this master of superb English, the classic son of Oxford, made his speech, was of awe and reverence. To-day I fear that it would have been received, by a large portion of the assembly with titters.

As I have said, dress has altered. During all my earlier years in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons it was rare for an M.P. to appear without a silk hat. Nowadays only about six of the 615 M.P.'s wear silk hats in the House. These include Sir Austen Chamberlain and Captain Crookshank, Conservatives, Mr. Ian McPherson and Mr. James de Rothschild, Liberals, and Major Graham Pole, Socialist.

The House of Commons, changed with the times, still clings to some of its ancient forms. The M.P.'s, whether sons of baronial halls or children of weavers' cottages, still reverently bow to the Chair on leaving the House because it represents an altar. The Messenger from the House of Lords still hears the door of the Commons slammed almost savagely in his face and opened only at his knocking. The Royal Assent to Bills, by commission under the Great Seal, is still given in the old Norman-French.

But, clinging to a political ancestry that has come down from the dim era of the Saxon Witan, the Mother of Parliaments, giver of free institutions like herself to young communities overseas, is slowly adapting her expression and her mien to the more curt and practical usage of a new age.

FLOODS inundate FRANCE.

Special Pictures Sent by Air to Britain from the Distressed Areas in the South of the Country

GUARDING HER DESECRATED HOUSEHOLD GODS: A poignant scene near Montauban, where the peasantry has been sadly served by the river. A lonely "paysanne" guards such goods as have been salved, what time her elders are trying to wrest other treasures from the floods

IN COUNTRY DECIMATED AS BY WAR: Debris piled up against a bridge over the River Tarn with the recession of the flood. Inset above on left—SALVAGE: A scene of peasant eviction, with Nature in the rôle of grasping landlord

President Doumergue and Tardieu, the Premier, returned to Paris recently after their tour of the southern country laid waste by the flood disaster. When interviewed on the train M. Tardieu compared the situation with that in the devastated regions after the War, and said they would have to employ similar steps to repair the damage. Funds for the relief of the distressed people continue to pour in. It is reported from Moissac that three more bodies have been recovered from the ruins, making a total of ninety-seven dead in that town. Near Carcassonne a wood of ten acres has been swept miles down the valley by the flood, and in the same region a cemetery has been laid waste. Our frontispiece also illustrates the flooded area. The danger, though alleviated, is not yet over.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS at the beginning of LENT.

Carnival in Malta and Cologne; "Le Pardon de Terreneuves" at St. Malo

MALTA USHERS IN LENT WITH JOY: The season of fasting is heralded in the Mediterranean island with a carnival in which everybody takes part. The shops are shut and the whole community is *en fete*. A party of revellers entertains the crowd with a display called "The Circus"

FESTIVAL OF BRITTANY: Two hundred barques and schooners leave St. Malo for six months' fishing off Newfoundland. Before departure they were blessed by Cardinal Chorst and were bidden adieu by a crowd of over 20,000 from all the North of France; 25,000 fisherfolk left aboard the fleet. In the past many of the intrepid fisherfolk never returned home, for Madame Sea is a jealous task-mistress. The historic ceremony, two facets of which are seen above—the decorated fleet crowded to capacity with visitors and veterans of the Merchant Service receiving the Cardinal's benison—is known as "Le Pardon de Terreneuves"

PRINCE CARNIVAL IN COLOGNE: A scene in the Rhineland city, now evacuated, when the Farewell to Flesh (much of the Rhineland is Catholic) was celebrated with unusual gaiety. The inspiration of this year's festivities was embodied in the Futuristic motto, "The World in the year 2000 A.D."

A New Light on JAMES BOSWELL

By JAMES MILNE

If you have seen the *Private Papers of James Boswell*, so far as they have been published, you will have speculated on the new "Bozzy" they reveal to the world. If you have not seen them you will be glad to know, from one who has, how remarkably they present him to our wondering generation. They are a lamp cast full blaze on a literary genius—for Boswell it becomes clear was that, and no mere lackey of the pen; and a key to a strange and romantic personality, for he was all that, if indeed he may not be named among the grand venturers and adventurers of the world.

The tokens, his own journals, letters, and diaries which establish these things, were lost to sight until a year or two ago. They were, indeed, supposed by some people to have shared the fate of Byron's diaries and been burned, or anyhow destroyed. When Boswell died he meant, there seems no doubt, that they should some day be given to the world. But his family, scared more or less by the taint of lackeyism which had become attached to him, merely let them stay in his own ebony cabinet. Why should a family history be disturbed by an Old Contemptible?

Eventually the records descended to his great-great-grandson, the present Lord Talbot de Malahide, from whose castle in Ireland they were acquired by an American with literary and collecting tastes, Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham. He asked a scholarly young Englishman, Mr. Geoffrey Scott, already the author of *Zelide*, a charming book about one of Boswell's charmers, to edit them, and at his lamented death recently, half-a-dozen out of twenty promised volumes had been prepared. Odd, perhaps, that America should be giving us the full and true truth about a British genius, in a privately printed work, so very expensive that few can possess it, but there you are.

When we have all the new Boswelliana in print we shall have a chronicle which for intimacy and importance, as bearing upon its time, may almost be likened to Pepys's diary. It of course was kept in a sort of shorthand, which Pepys, if he could return to the shades of Whitehall, would be staggered to think had been deciphered for the diversion of mankind. James Boswell also had his shorthand, "a method of my own of writing half-words and leaving out some altogether," but it was employed as labour-saving, not for secrecy, like Pepys.

We hardly hear from his contemporaries that "Bozzy" was actually seen making notes with his shorthand, in the company of Johnson or anywhere else, though there is evidence enough that he listened with open ears and deferential mien to what went on. No doubt later, when he was by himself, he sat down and wrote quickly, as somebody was bidden do in the Bible. But then he was a writer, really a professional writer, as his massed papers and the labours they represent prove up to the hilt, for they are not the legacy of any amateur.

Boswell was a far more productive author than Johnson, and his contributions to the journalism of his time would, if they could be collected, make a small library on all sorts of subjects. He was, even before he was thirty, an author with a European reputation greater than Johnson had acquired. Nay, he was the "celebrated Mr. Boswell" to hundreds and thousands who never saw him, while to others who did know him personally and did not like him he was only a "sycophant," a "loquacious parasite."

You will find those words flung at him in *Thomas Holcroft's Diary*, as also the excellently human portrait: "His grave strut and elevated head, with a peculiar set of his face, entirely corresponded with the character he unintentionally draws of himself in his writings." Sastres, an Italian friend of Johnson mentioned in the *Life*, was asked by Holcroft if he also knew Boswell. "The name," we are told, "excited his indignation; he spoke of Boswell as a proud, pompous, and selfish blockhead, who obtruded himself upon everyone, and by his impudent anxiety lost what would otherwise have been willingly granted."

By courtesy of Constable & Co.

A CHARMER OF BOSWELL: Zelide, or Mme de Charriere, Boswell's love

A GAY SCOTS CAVALIER: James Boswell. Inset in oval—*The great lexicographer*

Boswell has been for many years something of an anomaly and more of a paradox. Now that his private papers, written in his own shorthand, have been discovered, the true man may yet be satisfactorily revealed

The very Scots Laird of Auchinleck no doubt had the very Scots characteristic of never saying die when he wanted to do something. It appears emphatically now that his great passion, from his youth upward, through many ups and downs, was for literary fame, and his *Life of Johnson* was no chance single work, done as if by a miracle, but the crowning triumph of a natural artist who, as the "sedulous ape" of Stevenson's memorable phrase, had made himself a master.

The documents, raw and polished, which his ebony cabinet held so long, are conclusive testimony to his striving and his industry. "You may well wonder," quoth Johnson to a lady who wondered why he should face the labour of writing. "No man but a blockhead," was another remark by him, "ever wrote except for money." Boswell, on the contrary, was the born writer and diarist in that he loved to hear and record, and the true literary artist in that he loved, out of masses of raw material, to construct an imperishable English biography.

Turn over the *Private Papers* and you can, helped by a little imagination, follow the gradual shaping of the immediate notes and records into the elaborately complete work. Boswell, the observer of men and events, the hearer of small talk in the taverns, becomes the egotistical showman, for he could never hide his great natural vanity. Six years he toiled on his mine of material, and temperamentally as well as mentally he gave it the exhausting things which authorship that is to last must have. Surely he worshipped Johnson as a hero, but may be he was also making use of him as a stage on which to present his own wares. Perhaps the fresh, full view of their relationship, and what it really stands for in English literature, might be put thus: If there had been no Johnson there could have been no "Boswell's Johnson," but there would have been still James Boswell.

Certainly he has stepped out of the shadow of the Grand Cham into his own place in the sun. He does this as a man of high, creative genius, and he also does it as a man of eagerness in the tournament of gallantry, like Robert Burns and Lord Byron, another Scot and a half Scot. Tradition has attached romances and amours to "Jamie" Boswell in his wanderings at home and abroad, for in his youth especially he was a great traveller. He had an eye for heroines and he made his heroes. Did he not run down Voltaire and Rousseau in their European lairs, and claim it a glory that he did?

His ebony cabinet will accurately map his road of personal romantic adventure and tell us, perhaps, with how many Zelides besides the beautiful Dutch lady, Belle de Zuylen, he had sentimental correspondences or, when he met them, carryings on. Its precise secrets can only call still more on the growing interest of the world which loves a gay lover, even if he does, the coxcomb he was, say to his Zelide, "I am now, I think, a very agreeable man to those who know my merit and excuse my faults."

She, with her gifts of mind and body and her frank epistles, was at one time high in his list of possible wives, but the affair fell through. "If after all it cannot be," he had written with his strange mixture of desire and coolness, "there will be no harm done." He eventually came to anchor with a kinswoman, Margaret Montgomerie as, following the Scots custom of a married woman's right to her maiden name, he calls her in his references, which are many and also gallant, that element in him being as generous as it was natural.

We find many Boswell tit-bits in the *Private Papers*, which suggest his broadmindedness as a husband and lover. "I said," one runs, "I was perpetually falling in love, though I was as fond of my wife as any man. She could not complain. I was always willing to prefer her when she was fond of me, and when she was indifferent it was better I should be fond of others than allow my fondness to grow cold and perhaps irrevocable. The fire might become cold. If I had a good cook and often had no dinners at home, I should not wish him to be idle and lose his talent for want of use."

"Jamie" Boswell as a ladies' man! Zelide, "termigant" as he records her in one of her moods, had called him a "fatuous fool" and an "old Cato." "Sir," said he to her father, "I am proud, very proud, and it is perhaps to my pride that I owe my best virtues." "He was," remarks Mr. Geoffrey Scott, "pedantic in Holland, princely in Germany, philosophic in Switzerland, and amorous in Italy." Once he set forth in quest of an Irish maiden of sixteen "formed like a Grecian nymph," and with a thousand a year income and a capital of ten thousand. But it was in Italy he strutted his best as a Don Juan, with thoughts too, may be of the inimitable Casanova.

"When," he asked Rousseau, "I get to France and Italy, may I not indulge in the gallantries usual to those countries?" Counts and other pretty gentlemen assured him, whenever he admired an Italian lady, "You will be able to win her, sir. It will not be difficult." He wrote letters as ardent in admiration as his then twenty-four years of youth could dictate; and he kept copies of the letters, braver man still! He was not very successful in his high flights, but did better in simple paths "where joys were undelayed aad vanity secure from rebuff."

Altogether the new portrait of Boswell presents him as a most intricate human document, with impulses often inconveniently strong. He reproached himself for them, had hours of melancholia, and then again hours of conviviality, and perhaps that is the way with genius.

But it was a way which now and then upset his friend William Johnston Temple who, in his own diary wrote: "B. irregular in his conduct and manner; selfish, indelicate, thoughtless; no sensibility for others who have not his coarse and rustic strength and spirits." And then Temple has a passage saying very much and quaintly what we have already heard from "Jamie" himself: "Boswell is a curious genius. He is perpetually falling in love, as he calls it; and then he can do nothing but talk of the Angelic Creature. In a man of more than fifty such behaviour is folly."

Poor "Jamie"! But if he was a knight in gallantry he was a king in literary genius.

EYES AT THE PERISCOPE: A vivid moment during a naval battle shown on the screen

The SHARK of the SEAS.

The London Naval Conference cannot Banish the Submarine

says GEORGE SILVESTER

The grave question of the legality of submarines is the cardinal point at issue in the Naval Conference, to start anew with the reinstatement of the Tardieu Government. At the moment the nations are building subs. rapidly, but there is grave disagreement between various schools of thought as to whether large U-boats or small are the most efficient. The opinions of leading experts are collated by the writer of this article

The Shark of the Seas, the submarine, will not be sunk to the bottom of the ocean to remain there for ever as the result of the London Conference. No matter what resolutions the five Powers may adopt, the periscope will signal peril to sailormen in the next war as it did in the last. France, Italy, and Japan openly state their grim determination not to sacrifice undersea warfare.

Denounced as "piratical" and "inhuman" during the World War, the submarine has become to-day the poor man's weapon, the "defence of the weak." Naval experts cannot agree whether the submarine of the future will be as large as the sub-sea monster recently launched by France or as small as the mysterious two-man submarine with which the Italians sunk an Austrian Dreadnought in the harbour of Pola at the end of the War. But not one of the naval experts in many lands, whom I have consulted, admits the possibility that it will be discarded. France. Italy, and Japan are perfectly willing to sacrifice their battleships under certain conditions. But realizing that even a minor Power can defeat any blockade of battleships and cruisers with submarines aided by aircraft, they are constantly enlarging their U-boat flotillas. Both Rear-Admiral W. S. Sims, U.S.N., retired, and Commander Paul Chack, the French naval expert to whom I am indebted for much information, conclude that the nation possessing the best undersea craft will be the mistress of the sea.

"Could Germany have kept fifty submarines constantly at work on the great shipping routes in the winter and spring of 1917—before we had learned how to handle the situation—nothing," avers Admiral Sims, "could have prevented her from winning the War." Sims was in charge of the United States naval forces operating in European waters during the Great War. Guided by his experience in those days, Sims insists that the day of the battleship is over. "In another war," he exclaims, "the best thing to do with our battleships would be to send them as far as possible up the Mississippi and despatch submarines and aircraft to do our fighting."

The statesmen who advocate the abolition of the submarine must deal not merely with their opponents, but with the naval experts in their own ranks. In view of the overwhelming testimony of the experts in favour of the submarine, it seems unlikely that undersea craft will be abolished in the near future.

While the tendency at present favours the evolution of the large submarine cruisers, some authorities insist that only the small submarine is 100 per cent. effective. Captain Emo Descovich, the Austrian naval expert, who is in close touch with Admiral von Keil, the last admiral of the Austro-Hungarian Navy, takes the position that the submarine can maintain itself only if it remains small.

"A big boat," he said in response to my question, "will never take its place. It may find its superior in the flying-boat which eventually may replace it, but that is for the future to show."

On the other hand, Austria's erstwhile opponent, Admiral Hector Bravetta, of the Royal Italian Navy, whose opinion I sought through a mutual friend, Rear-Admiral Guido Milanesi, insists that the submarine can only acquire increased efficiency by increasing its tonnage. "Making the submarine bigger means greater independence in operation as well as sea-worthiness indispensable for work in the vast theatres of war."

Describing his conception of the ideal submarine, the Italian Admiral goes on to say: "I believe that defensive-offensive submarines will have an immersion displacement of from 800 to 1,000 tons, and that the greatest displacement of the submarine, cruising on the high seas or beneath them, should not be more than 3,000 tons. A submarine of such size could easily make war.

"The submarine of the future," states Admiral Bravetta, "must be equipped to carry airplanes aboard." This idea is already incorporated in the new 4,000-tons French submarine cruiser. But whereas the *Sucrouf* carries only one small seaplane, the Italian Admiral demands that the submarine of the future must carry two flying machines. "These," he explains, "would do more than merely enlarge the field of vision. The menance of their bombs and firearms would force the ships they hail to wait for them or even to come to them."

Captain Descovich, my Austrian authority, disagrees with Bravetta. "The chief advantage of the submarine," he says, "resides in its capacity to draw near the enemy without detection. Only a small boat can do that. The submarine cruiser is neither beast nor fish. While costing much more than a small boat it is not more effective."

The French, like the Italians, lean to large submarine cruisers.

The submarine is a favourite child of the French Navy. The *Surcouf* surpasses by 1,000 tons the largest submarine ever launched in Great Britain or in America. It can cruise halfway around the world without refuelling. It has broadside as well as stem and stern torpedoes. It is supplied with an armoured deck and with aerial bombs. It is, as I have already pointed out, the first submarine with wings, having a seaplane which can be fitted for flight in five minutes. Eight minutes suffices to fold it up and tuck it back in its place. The craft measures 400 ft., 50 ft. more than the largest British and American submarines. It is twice as large as the greatest German U-boat that ever issued from Kiel. It can submerge to a depth of 430 ft., surpassing by 80 ft. any previous submarine record. Its Diesel engines enable the submarine monster to make 19 knots on the surface and 12 knots under the water.

France contends that she needs submarines to protect her undersea lanes to the colonies. Only recently Vice-Admiral Dumesnil, the French War hero, reiterated the French point of view by pronouncing the arguments against the submarine as "trivial" or as "propaganda." "The reasons which France can produce for the maintenance of her submarine policy," he goes on to say, "are altogether serious. The submarine is a new weapon. It is here to stay." The French naval programme for 1930 provides for six sea-going submarines, in addition to the *Surcouf*. When the schedule is completed France will have more submarines than any other navy in the world.

Great Britain herself is busily engaged building submarines. Her largest so far, the *Pandora*, has a dead weight of 2,525 tons. England also just launched the *Medway*, a 15,000-ton submarine depôt ship which can mother eighteen submarines and is the largest of its type in the world.

Commander Chatterton, the British naval historian, asked Earl Jellicoe, of Battle of Jutland fame, at my request, whether he considered that the day of the submarine had passed. "Certainly not!" replied the Admiral without hesitation. "I am quite sure that any nation in the future, fighting with her back to the wall, will be bound to employ submarines drastically, especially against enemy merchantmen."

The realm of the Mikado apparently is still so inaccessible that details as to Nippon's under-water navy are unobtainable. It is an established fact, however, that the Japanese have not only succeeded in building extremely formidable 10,000-ton cruisers, but also developed a new idea in submarine warfare embodied in their anti-submarine net-layer *Shirttaka*. This is a tiny craft of only 1,405 tons, but considered by English experts proof of Japan's almost uncanny cleverness in naval construction. French naval experts claim in all seriousness that Japan possesses bigger submarines than any other nation, with a tremendous cruising radius.

On the other hand, the United States proceeds very conservatively in regard to the building of undersea craft. The only important addition of recent date is the submarine minelayer, *V 4*. This craft is of 3,000 tons displacement, carrying seventy-six men and seven officers, and is armed with 6-in. guns. She has a cruising radius of 19,000 miles, and aside from four giant torpedo tubes fore and aft, is equipped with 106 safety devices. Two more vessels are now under construction, *V 5* at Portsmouth Navy Yard, and *V 6* at Mare Island Yard. They will be commissioned about June 1 and September 1 respectively.

Germany, handicapped by the Peace Treaty, has only an academic interest in the submarine question.

Admiral von Mantey, for years in charge of the German submarine base in Kiel, is a strong believer in the efficacy of the submarine. In reply to a query, he emphatically denied that the submarine was ever beaten by mystery ships, depth charges, and other devices employed by the Allies.

That at some time or other in the course of the War England was actually fighting with her back against the wall was frankly admitted by the British representative at the Washington Conference. If Germany had continued her unrestricted submarine warfare, ruthlessly applying to its pursuit every ounce of her strength, the War would have ended with the collapse of the Mistress of the Seas. Even American intervention could not have saved the Allies.

Germany, while strictly adhering to the letter of the Peace Treaty, succeeded in building a 10,000-ton cruiser with guns sufficiently formidable to challenge a *Dreadnought*. Similarly the nations of Europe will exercise their ingenuity to defeat any restriction of their submarines without violating the letter of any agreement.

There are no insurmountable technical difficulties to the clandestine production of submarines. "Bootleg" building of submersible war craft will always remain a last resort, effectively preventing the complete abolition of under-water warfare.

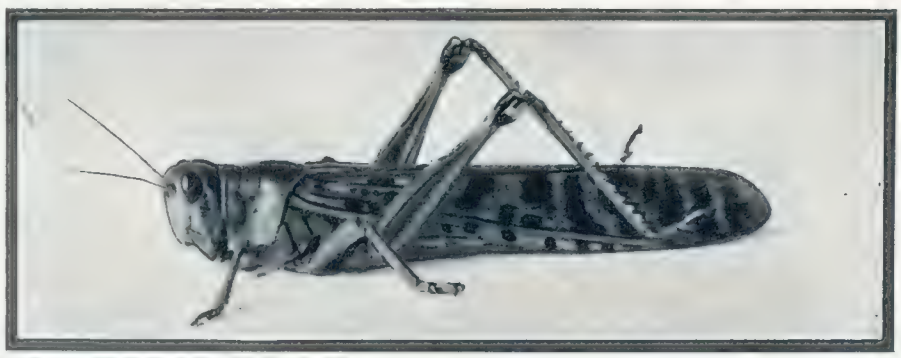
BRITAIN'S DREADNOUGHT OF THE UNDERSEA: One of the most modern of the large submarine cruisers. They gain in seaworthiness with size but lose in under-water mobility

500 SQUARE MILES of LOCUSTS in PALESTINE

The Largest Army Ever Known in the Holy Land

War against 500 square miles of locusts is being declared by Palestine local authorities (says the Central News). The insects in incredible numbers are now marching out of the desert of Sinai, and the advanced hosts have reached the district south of Beersheba. It is the most tremendous invasion of locusts ever recorded in Palestine. Nearly 3,000 men, with headquarters at Beersheba, have been recruited for the war

THE INVASION: An army of winged locusts advancing over hilly country. After their passage no green thing remains living in the land—trees, grass, flowers, or vegetables

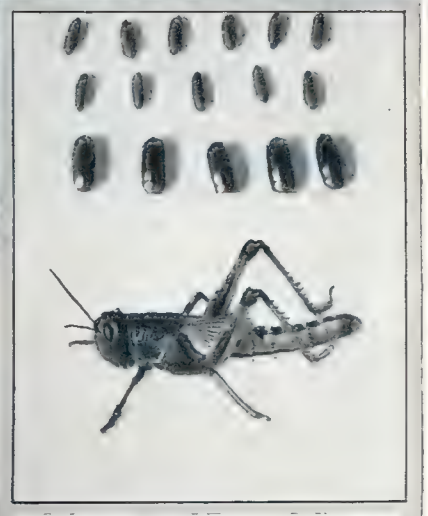


THE INVADER OF PALESTINE: A close-up study of a locust of the type that is swarming in the Holy Land in a mass 500 square miles in area here seen in the fully winged stage. He exudes a sticky brown fluid on the hand if touched

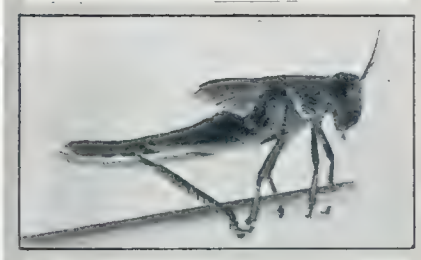
IN THE WALKING STAGE: Peasants drive the pedestrian swarm into a trap by the use of flags. Above the locust is seen with the long wing fully developed. For further particulars concerning the locust—see later page in this issue

THE ASSAULT: Locusts attack an olive tree in full force. On right a locust is seen with its wings spread, drying them after changing its skin

In Palestine flame-throwers, like those used in the War, are employed against the fatal hordes of depredatory insects



EMBRYONIC: Above, the locust cocoon; below, the pupa



THE MOULTING SEASON: A locust preparing to shed its skin

ACROBATICS: A locust discards its old skin in snake-like manner

The five stages in the life of a locust—from cocoon, through the pupa and the moulting season, to its emergence as a fully-winged pest—are shown above

The LION

Newly P... Tanga...

By PAUL L...

LIONS CAN CLIMB TREES—AND HOW! Contrary to popular belief, the king of beasts does, though rarely and only if pressed, get up a tree, with speed and skill

On my first African journey, which took my party into the Kalahari Desert, and into the mysterious Kaoko Veld of South-west Africa, I had very few chances to study lion, for he was scarce in these parts and very shy. I saw spoor and other signs but no lions to write about. On this trip I have been living with lions every day. The fact is, the whole country is full of them.

Shooting lions with a camera is much more difficult than doing so with a gun, and brings the marksman into much closer contact, in fact into such contact that most pictures of wild lions require a title saying that if the observer will look closely just behind the bush which appears as a pin-point in the film he will see a lion move. If he happens to turn his eye at the critical moment he sees only the bush.

While making scenes at a Masai *manyatta*, the chief came to us and asked if we would shoot some bad lions that were killing his cattle. When we agreed to remove these terrible brutes he sent a guide to show us where they were to be found. Arrival at the now famous lion *donga* only disclosed a whole lot of country entirely surrounded by nothing, with, in the centre, a large *donga*, or as we call them in America, a ravine. This ravine was thickly grown with bushes and grass.

By careful work along the *donga* we discovered a lioness crouching behind a small tree, but did not shoot her as we expected to find others about and wanted to get our bearings first. I then noticed in the tall grass near the *donga* a dead topi, which investigation proved she had just killed, as we had arrived on the scene before she could start her meal.

Now we did a very impolite thing. We put a cable to the topi and hitched the other end to the truck, then went off with the kill, leaving the angry lioness watching us from the grass. About half-a-mile from the starting-point I looked back through the glasses and saw her following us, which gave me an idea, so I pulled the carcass to a lone tree away out on the veld and there left it.

Early the next morning we neared the spot, and although we hoped to find lions there, what we did see more than surprised all of us, for there in the tree's shade was not one but six lions. Approaching to within about a hundred yards I began to grind out films as if these were the only lions left in Africa. After a while we got closer, then still closer, until within thirty yards, but the lions were none too friendly, often growling toward us, which made us keep a careful hand on our ready rifles. We spent the whole day with them and went back to camp well satisfied with the world in general and the day's work in particular.

Next day found us back, and from that time on, with the exception of a few days, when the weather prevented, we visited these lions for several weeks. Each day we thought that nothing else of interest could be found for the camera to take, but always during the next visit they would put on something new for us, something that we never knew lions could do. So I photographed them at home, day after day, living their natural lives.

A TRIO DISTURBED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER... awares. Mr. Lion is seen regarding the approa... showing only their ears. The photographer was ... but change...

Our regular bunch consisted of four females and two males, and these were soon named—George and Jim; Lizzie, Betty, Hazel, and Flossie. Then there were two others, one a lioness with cubs whom we called Cleo, and a strange lady who never became very friendly, and so was named Madam X.

Each had an individuality all his own. George was the big, strong man of the troop and leader in all things. Jim got along all right when George was not there, but did not seem to be so popular with the ladies as George. Jim was light in colour with an almost white collar round his neck, and when he looked at me I could but think of a big, kindly Newfoundland dog. George was much darker in colour, with a very fine head and a face full of expression. They were both lions just the same, and staged many a fight for our benefit, mainly at meal times.

Lizzie was our dearest friend, for it was always she that led the way, and by her example got the others interested in the work. Betty was second lead in the troop, while the others helped all they could. They often made us laugh at their antics.

My first intentions were to make just a few scenes of these lions, for not one ever hoped that we could keep them near us for very long, nor did I dream that they would act for us almost as well as if trained to do so. I mean by that, trained to do the things that we wanted to film, for so far as acting goes they could do things that no circus lion ever thought of doing, and all that they did was natural. Lions in the arena are always snarling and growling, while in all the weeks of our lion work we heard little growling from these big cats of the *donga*.

POWER PERSONIFIED! The strength of a lion is almost beyond belief. Mr. Hoefler has seen them lift a large antelope and walk away with it while it is an easy matter for them to turn over a 600 lb. zebra with one mighty paw. The lion and lioness seen above were always together

The lion is by nature a shy animal, as is proved by the fact that many people have spent years in Africa where lions were abundant without ever actually seeing one.

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From Los Angeles to Milan.

"The Sphere" Surveys the World

On left — THE MATTERHORN OF THE DOLOMITES: Ski-ing enthusiasts descend the slopes of the Cimone della Pala, one of the most dangerous of peaks to assail

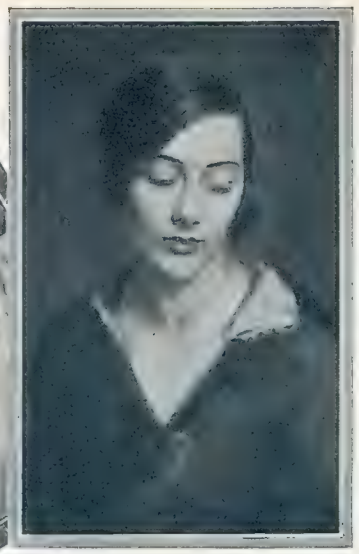
YOUNG CHINA LEARNS AVIATION IN AMERICA: Students from eighteen to twenty-four, subsidised by the Nanking Government, take a year's course at Portland, Oregon

A ROYAL MARKSMAN: Prince Jaime, second son of the King of Spain, was a competitor in the National Shooting Contest held recently in Madrid. H.R.H. was successful in winning his heat

YET ANOTHER "BIGGEST IN THE WORLD": America's poultry farm fulfils the national tradition. A small section of the morning's harvest at Runnymede, Los Angeles. This colossal enterprise covers more than 100 acres and boasts 300,000 laying hens and 200,000 chickens. Over a million pounds of poultry food are consumed annually on the farm, which gives a yield of something over thirty millions of eggs per annum

THE LOFTIEST CARILLON IN THE WORLD: The plan of Signor Vico Vigano, whose designs for the campanile of Milan are now under construction. The belfry, which is being built near the world-famous cathedral, will measure 550 ft. in height, overtopping by a considerable amount any similar structure extant

"GWEN CLARE," by *Simon Elwes*: A sympathetic study of West Country type rendered so familiar by Thomas Hardy



"GRISELDA," by *John Crealock*, R.P.: A thoughtful treatment of "maiden meditation fancy free"

"THE LADY PLUNKET," by *J. Blair Leighton*: A charming example of "Society" *genre*

"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL," by *A. M. Burton*: A pensive and wistful but none the less fascinating feminine treatment

Portrait Art of To-day

And in the Heyday of the Past

A REYNOLDS IN AMERICA: "Mrs. Charles Ogilvie," daughter of an English judge in South Carolina. The canvas (30×25) has been acquired by the City Art Museum of St. Louis

A FAMOUS COLLABORATION: Romney's portraits of Lady Hamilton are well-known, and this, of the great courtesan as a shepherdess, is one of the happiest examples of the artist Romney-model - Emma combination. It was recently on view at the Ehrich Galleries, New York

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SON: A vivid portrait by *Nathaniel Hone, R.A.* The subject later became an artist of some repute. In the collection of Mr. B. Reif of Bradford

"OUT OF WORK," by *F. Biddulph*: A powerful portrait of England's greatest tragedy

"B. W. S. PURCELL," by *George J. Coates*: A mingling of realism and Impressionism

"HEAD OF A BLACK MAN," by *Olive Snell*: A singularly revealing character study

"A FOLLOWER OF THE HOUNDS," by *Daniel A. Veresmith*: A canvas redolent of the Shires

The four top pictures and the quartette at the bottom, are from the London Portrait Society's Third Exhibition, which was held at the New Burlington Galleries from February 24 until March 10. The aim of this organization is to bring artist and client into touch, and to offer to unknown and young portraitists the opportunity to display their work to the public without the often insupportable burden of high fees, as many people would be glad to obtain fine portraits at reasonable cost and many artists would be glad of commissions. The society restricts the number of exhibits by its own members—among whom are Frank O. Salisbury and J. H. Amshewitz—to enable as much outside work as possible to be shown.

SNOWY WINTER in the NORTH.

The Art of Mr. A. Reginald Smith, R.S.W., Revealed in Two Pleasing Water-colour Paintings of His Own Country, Yorkshire, Shown in a Recent Exhibition

THE SNOW-BOUND VILLAGE: A sympathetic treatment of the wintry weather that has of late enveloped the broad moorlands and delicious hamlets of the Ridings

THE PACK-HORSE ROAD: A charming impression of an ancient Yorkshire thoroughfare in the icy grip of winter

d

STRANGE CUSTO

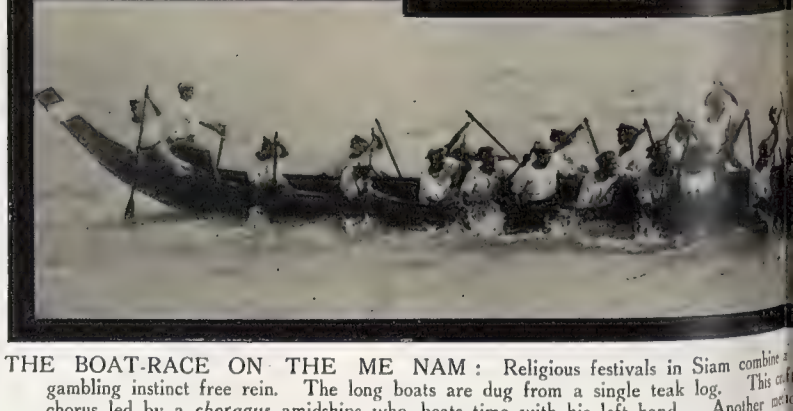
A Series of New Pictures from the Domain of King Praj ad/ Eastern, and Imported from the West, in that Country no

Ewing Galloway

THE INITIATE: A boy dressed for his projected initiation into the Buddhist priesthood. Siam is both Buddhist and Brahma, the Angkor Wat being the eastern-most point of the counter-Asoka mission

GALA IN SIAM: Youths of the royal household bearing ornamental wands crowned with rows of flowers of alternate gold and silver. The form is borrowed from that of the seven-tiered *hti* or pinnacle of a Buddhist pagoda

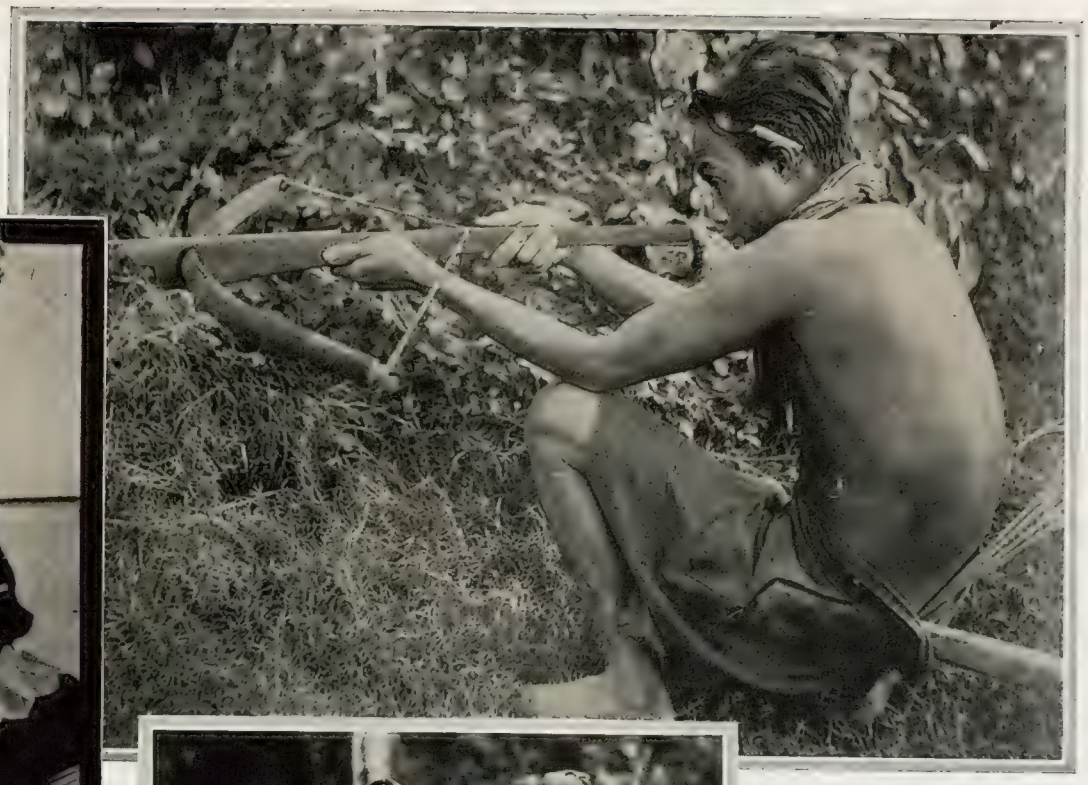
A FESTIVAL OF EMIGRÉ CHINESE: Three *devata* (decorated images) before which sacrifices were made at the Ting Krachard. *Above*—THE STATE BARGE OF A ROYAL MINISTER: The unseaworthy vessel has a superstructure based on pagoda lines



THE BOAT-RACE ON THE ME NAM: Religious festivals in Siam combine a gambling instinct free rein. The long boats are dug from a single teak log. This cr chorus led by a *choragus* amidships who beats time with his left hand. Another me speed. *Inset above*—KING PRAJADHIPOK: The autocrat ruler of Siam, who, a England and trained at Sandhurst in 1899. He rules a kingdom of nine and a half m the two adjacent powers, England and France, between whose spheres it, in fact, lies during a religious holiday, where he has made offerings to the Brahman priests, whose the official religion of the kingdom. The King's garb is a curious mixture of E stockings, and canvas shoes, are combined with the "panung" or waist-cloth of

MS in SIAM

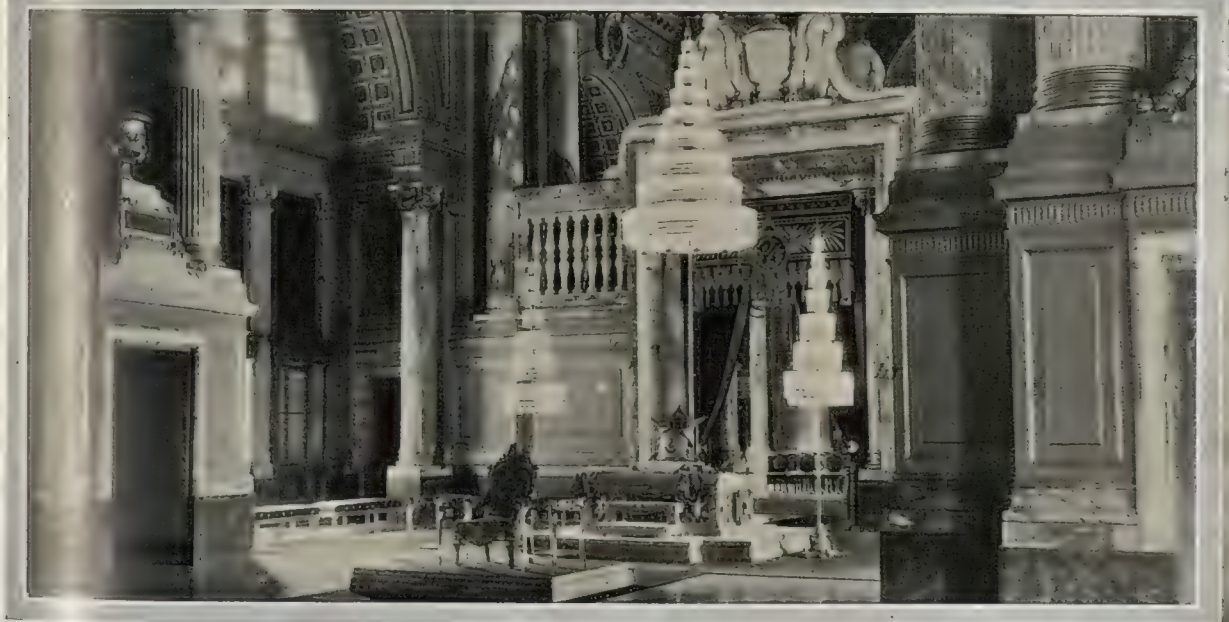
hipok Showing many Activities,
w Rapidly being Modernised



Ewing Galloway

THE WEAPONS OF THE GENOESE: A Siamese hunter of the Lao tribe armed with a cross-bow

On left—PRIMITIVE SPINNING: A Lao girl spinning after ginning the cotton by hand. She produces both bush cotton and silk, but modern machinery is unknown in the north



THE THRONE-ROOM AT BANGKOK: This, constructed in 1917, was built by Italians in the Italian style, for Siam employs aliens skilful in one particular craft to practice that craft in Siam. The throne-room—or council chamber—is strongly reminiscent of the Roman basilicas. Here assemble weekly the prime minister and the forty-five ministers. The king, however, is an absolute autocrat

modicum of lip service with secular merriment. Regattas are organised which give the natural
is paddling down to the starting point. The stroke is determined by a shouted rhythmical
d of propulsion, beyond ordinary paddling, is by kicking the paddle, thereby achieving great
the age of thirty-two, came to the throne in 1925, succeeding his father, who was educated in
lion people, whose prosperity is largely due to the guarantee of the integrity of the realm by
s a buffer State. The King is seen descending the steps of the principal temple of Bangkok
nfluence—in a peculiar way—runs concurrently with that of the Buddhist monks, who represent
ast and West, the Homburg hat, white cotton jacket, worn over a thin cotton singlet, cotton
eavy silk, three yards long by one yard broad, tied at the waist and the ends allowed to fall
ard in front

THE ITALIANATE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF SIAM: The throne hall, Bangkok, built of Italian materials by Italian workmen. It is seen across one of the semi-sacred tanks of Bangkok. Eight flat-topped metal urns provide exterior illumination for festival occasions. It is the Siamese policy to import personnel from a country specialising in an activity to prosecute that activity

Painted by Douglas Wales

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd

The Thirst for Blood.

JAMES LAVER Discusses the Murder Element in the Detective Novel of To-day

The morbid streak in human nature can be traced at least as far back as the Middle Ages. Disguised as piety it took delight in pictures of tortured saints, and at the dawn of the Renaissance it gave rise to the "Dance of Death." The age of Donne was not one to be squeamish in the matter of worms and sepulchres, as the art of the monumental mason, with his shrouded skeletons and decaying corpses, testifies, and at the end of the next century there was a positive orgy of "Meditations among the Tombs." The nineteenth century provided clanking spectres, vampires, haunted castles, and the whole apparatus of cardboard horror, but cheerfulness kept breaking through, and a book like *The Ingoldsby Legends* did much to make ghosts comic and so exorcize them from the darker places of the human soul.

The modern equivalent of *The Grave* and *The Castle of Udolpho* is the murder story. Since the theological background faded from men's minds, ghosts have lost half their terrors. The familiar spirits have grown so familiar that they breed contempt. Yet the thirst for thrills persists, and murder is writ large in letters of blood across railway bookstalls. An intelligent Japanese visiting this country for the first time would be impelled to believe that the perpetual pre-occupations of all Englishmen were rape and homicide.

Of course it is not so, although there is no lack of murder in real life. Anyone who doubts this obvious truth should consult *Rope, Knife, and Chair*, by Guy B. H. Logan (Stanley Paul. 18s. net), where he will find an account of the careers of Mrs. Peacey, Pranzini, Allaway, America's "Comely Widow," and "The Man they could not Hang." But real murder stories have two terrible defects—they are sordid and they are stupid. Also, it is impossible to forget the corpse, whereas a tale of murder to be pleasant should evoke no pity for the murdered man at all.

To give them their due, modern murder stories reduce the element of morbidity to a minimum. They appeal to an even more fundamental thing in human nature, the instinct of curiosity. The vogue for murder would soon have faded but for the invention of the sleuth, and the credit for inventing him (in spite of Edgar Allan Poe and other pioneers) must go to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Your true connoisseur of the *genre* will tell you that Sherlock Holmes is out of date, that his feats were too simple, and that only the abnormal stupidity of Dr. Watson made them seem worth recording. The truth is that the modern reader of detective fiction has become too sophisticated. The contest is no longer between the detective and the criminal, but between the author and his public. The result is the manufacture of false clues by which to prevent the reader from guessing the end too soon. In this process incredible ingenuity is expended in tying the knot, only to loose it at last by a simple cut with the knife. Probability is strained to the utmost in order to make everybody seem equally guilty. One by one the characters are cleared of suspicion until only one remains, but only the very innocent reader will be persuaded of *his* guilt. On the last page he wriggles free, and the net closes on the perfect butler, the clergyman officiating at the grave, the coroner's doctor, or the police inspector in charge of the case, in short, upon the most unlikely person the author can think of. In the corpse's immediate entourage there is, apparently, only one person who is never guilty—his mother.

In the end this system becomes very tiresome, and to me at least the admiration which I am compelled to feel for the author's ingenuity is outweighed by the persistent falsification of character which alone can contribute to such a result. The most interesting thing about a murder is the motive, but the motives of the murderer in most modern fiction are merely perfunctory. They must be kept out of the body of the book at all costs, and the cost involved is the sacrifice of credibility. The characters cease to be human and become the author's puppets. The problem which might be involved becomes a mere puzzle, like crosswords.

The fact that most detective fiction is not a department of literature but a branch of sport involves the reviewer in a new difficulty, for all sports have their rules and conventions, and one of the conventions of writing about murder stories is that one must not give away the plot. But the plot is the whole story, for the author, by the rules of his game, cannot indulge in any development of personality, cannot analyse virtues and vices, but must juggle with their outward appearances. The only thing that can be known in the conventional murder story is the character of the dead man, and even he cannot be made too human lest he should become sympathetic, and depart from his purely passive rôle.

Another falsification of life which seems inevitable in detective fiction is its over-emphasis on murder. When criminals are not murderers they are heroes, like Raffles, and become part of the great literary tradition of admiration for outlaws. But in actual life, murder forms a very small part of crime, at least in England. The sad truth is that apart from the question of character, crime is dull, and crime fiction only avoids the dullness of police-court routine by an ingenuity that overreaches itself.

From the foregoing remarks it will be gathered that I am not a "fan," and indeed I would as soon think of "going to bed with a detective novel" as of burning the midnight oil over a quiet game of cat's-cradle; but the demand for murder mysteries is inexhaustible, and the supply not less so. It is time to consider a few recent contributions.

One of the best that has come to my notice is *The Secret of Hardy Street* by Robert J. Casey (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d. net). Apart from its fantastic conclusion it is a good mystery and would be worth reading for nothing but the language talked by the protagonists (they are American), and for the picture it gives of judicial procedure in the States. But are American coroners really so stupid and dishonest as Mr. Gloph? The chase of the criminal over the hotel roof in a snow-storm is the best part of the book.

Half Mast Murder, by Milward Kennedy (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), provides maps and plans for the curious reader, and the tangle is very prettily involved.

Everyone concerned (except, of course, the mother of the household) is a scoundrel, with something to conceal, and the trails are so cleverly followed that I find it particularly difficult to forgive the author for his quite arbitrary conclusion. Prodigal sons, shifty literary men, mysterious American visitors, International complications—and then a sudden temptation on the part of the butler! No! No! The author of *Corpse on the Mat* can do better than this.

Murder on the Marsh, by John Ferguson (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net), is a very well-constructed tale which gains considerably by its setting—the mysterious flats of Romney Marsh. My only complaint is that the murder is out of character but, as we have seen, that is an idle criticism, since by the rules of the game it is almost compelled to be. For the steps by which the crime is discovered I have nothing but the profoundest admiration.

Daggers Drawn, by Allen Thomas (Benn. 7s. 6d. net), *is* a study of character, and in the ordinary sense hardly a murder mystery at all. A shy, sensitive man kills the "friend" who has bullied him all his life. A great part of the book is taken up with legal proceedings, and that is perhaps why the author's analysis hardly goes deep enough.

Those who have no prejudice against Chinese villains, speaking their own "barbarous tongue" and forming themselves into all-powerful secret societies, will enjoy the plentiful thrills of R. J. Fletcher's *By Misadventure* (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net). The end, for once, is the most convincing part of the book.

Clues of the Caribees, by T. S. Stribling (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net), is a volume of short stories, "being certain criminal investigations of Henry Poggioli, Ph.D." The detective story gains by being a *short* story (there is less temptation to confuse the tale with irrelevant clues), and the present series is well worth reading. The stories are given a novel setting, without straining probability, and the book is nicely printed and enlivened with wood-cuts.

ENGLAND'S BALLERINA: Mlle. Lydia Sokolova, the great British exponent of the Russian Ballet, in the last Diaghileff creation, "The Bell." Mlle. Sokolova figures in "Theatre Street," by Tamara Karsavina, published by the Windmill Press

Hoppé

A NOVELIST OF TURKEY: Miss Halide Edib, a pioneer of her land, which has only recently encouraged such feminine activities

Raphael

THE AUTHOR OF "HAUNTING EDINBURGH": Miss Flora Grierson, who is a translator, an author, and a reviewer

briefly reviewed

The Subtlety of George Bernard Shaw, by *Patrick Braybrooke, F.R.S.L.* **(Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)**—No admirer nor hater of the greatest figure of the English theatre can afford to miss this book. It resolves many of the discords that jar or trouble many Shavian students.

The Pageant of the Stars, by *William J. Luyten.* **(Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A comprehensive handbook of astronomy dealing with problems and facts seemingly unintelligible to the lay mind which are yet so clearly expressed and explained that the book is easily assimilated and enjoyed.

Unholy Memories of the Holy Land, by *Horace B. Samuel.* **(Hogarth Press. 15s. net.)**—A judge and a lawyer in Palestine from 1918—1928 speaks with authority upon the mandatory administration of the country. A blunt and truthful volume with a chapter on the recent disturbances.

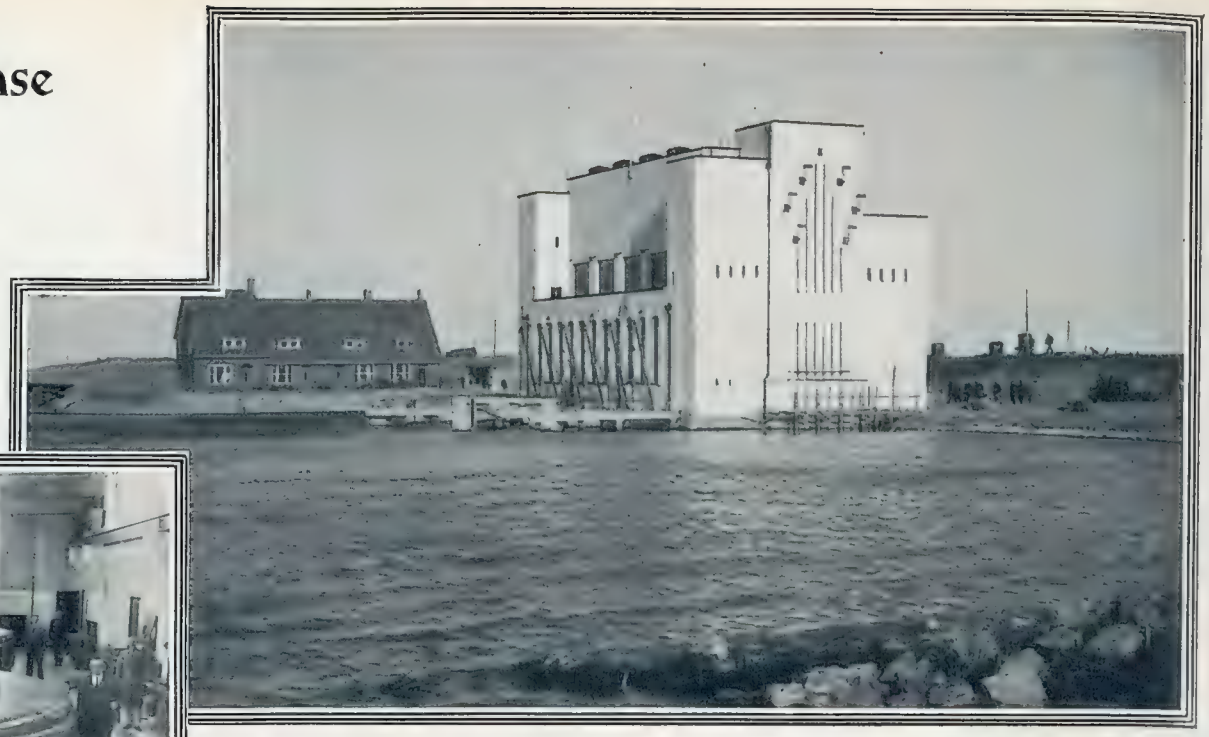
Earl Beatty, Admiral of the Fleet, by *Geoffrey Rawson* **(Jarrolds. 12s. 6d. net.)**—At the Nile under K. of K.; in China fighting the Boxers; in the North Sea at Heligoland, the Dogger and Jutland; in Whitehall as First Sea Lord—all phases of the career of the "Man with the Nelson Touch" are ably reviewed.

Forest Life and Adventures—the Malay Archipelago, by *Dr. Eric Mjoberg, translated by Anna Barwell* **(Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)**—Adventure and science happily combined to make a well illustrated and engrossing story.

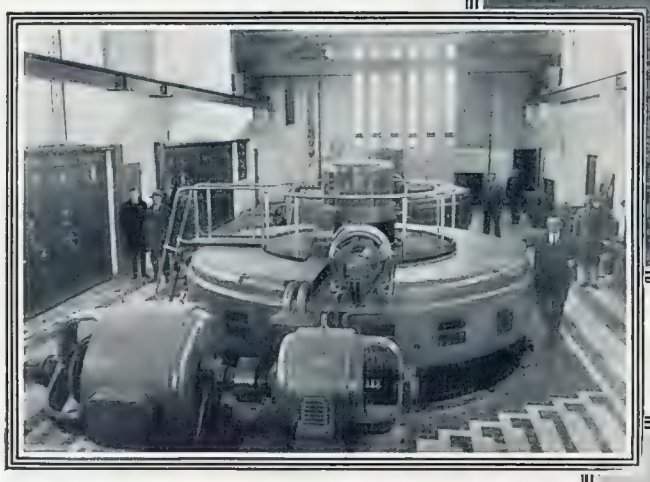
Thou Shalt do no Murder, by *Arthur Lambton* **(Hurst & Blackett. 18s. net.)**—Brilliant sketches of famous murder trials including those of Armstrong, True, Seddon, Vaquier, Thompson-Bywaters, Greenwood, and Brides-in-the-Bath Smith.

The Second Phase of the ZUYDER ZEE Scheme

The Pumps Reveal the First Reclaimed Polder



A PLACE OF POWER: *The great building which houses the machinery for the gigantic scheme for reclaiming land hitherto occupied by the shallow waters of the Zuyder Zee. Two draining machines have been installed — one at Den-Oever, and the other, seen above, at Medemblik. The engines in this beautifully designed building are seen on the left*



THE DRIVING FORCE: *Draining machines to pump dry the Wieringen Lake, which covers 50,000 acres, to be freed of water within eight months*

THE FIRST PHASE COMPLETED: *The building of the dyke seen above was the first phase. This has now been finished, and the actual draining is now in progress*

NEW LAND IN EUROPE: *The first portion of the reclaimed land freed from the waters of the Zuyder Zee. This view shows ground near Enkhuizen and Wieringen, where the ex-Crown Prince of Germany was exiled. In the foreground is the dyke*

WRESTED FROM THE SEA: *One of the fields reclaimed under the great scheme, now in its second phase*

FOUR HUNDRED CUBIC METRES OF WATER A MINUTE: *The spot where the electric centrifugal pumps are drawing water from the land to be reclaimed and decanting it into the open sea. At least 50,000 acres in the neighbourhood of Wieringen will be put under the plough by this scheme. Two or three fishing villages have been left stranded by the scheme*

IDOLS FURNISHED WITH VICTUALS AND DRINK: Baluba idols from the Belgian Congo, which are believed to be the homes of the spirits of the dead, and are, in consequence, led by the natives who hold to the type of belief that characterized all primitive faiths, even those of Egypt and Greece, the cradles of civilization, as Charon's traditional obol will recall, and the food and various vessels of the table found in the excavated tombs of Luxor prove

THE PRIMITIVE IS AKIN TO THE MODERN: A striking piece of Baluba carving reminiscent in its disproportion of much Modernist art

STRANGE ART of the BELGIAN CONGO.

A SEAT CARVED IN HUMAN FORM: A typical pedestal seat from the Baluba tribe of the Belgian Congo, whose art is very distinctive

FROM THE LAND WHERE THE CHARLESTON WAS BORN: A dancing mask from East Africa. When it is worn over the head the eyes glare through the eye-holes

THE LAND OF RUBBER AND BIZARRE ART: A glimpse of the Belgian Congo. To travel through the jungle the car must be sturdy as the motor-roads leave much to be desired. The radiator is protected by gauze to prevent plant seeds from blocking up the air-holes. It is in the Belgian Congo that all the strange art forms seen on this page, save that above on the right, are discovered

THE THEATRE

A Survey of the London Stage

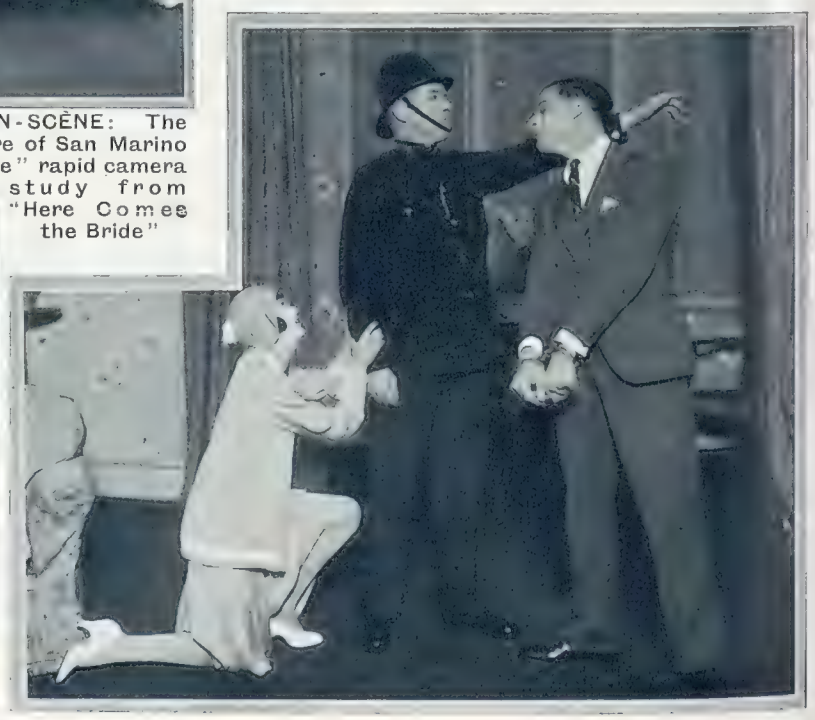
THE LAWYER UNRAVELS THE KNOT: Mr. Pip Powell, Miss Maria Minetti, Mr. Clifford Mollison, and Miss Jean Colin in "Here Comes the Bride," the new Julian Wylie musical farce at the Piccadilly

ROMEO AND JULIET ON SHIPBOARD: A "Sphere" rapid camera picture showing Mr. Clifford Mollison and Miss Jean Colin

CLIFFORD CARNERA MOLLISON! Desperadoes have a thin time of it when Mr. Mollison handles them in "Here Comes the Bride" at the Piccadilly, a play in which Mr. Edmund Gwenn, seen in close-up in the top left-hand picture on this page, makes a clever and amusing appearance. *On extreme left* —Messrs. Edmund Gwenn and Clifford Mollison are seen in the South American setting, caught by "The Sphere's" rapid camera from the front of the house

THE MISE-EN-SCÈNE: The town square of San Marino —a "Sphere" rapid camera study from "Here Comes the Bride"

FARCE AT THE COMEDY: The theatre in Panton Street, for so many seasons a place of thrills, is now housing an amusing farce, "Odd Numbers," in which Mr. Huntley Wright, Miss Viola Compton, Miss Jeanne Planas, Mr. Henry Kendall, and Miss Rita Page are seen above



"DUTY—STERN DAUGHTER OF THE VOICE OF GOD!" At the Comedy Mr. Jack Martin turns a deaf ear to the entreaties of Miss Rita Page and Mr. Henry Kendall in "Odd Numbers," one of the new plays of last week

The Sphere of Travel : *A Weekly Feature Devoted to the Interests of Travel at Home and Abroad.*

The Lure of Ocean Travel

By CLIVE HOLLAND

(Author of *Things Seen in Japan*, etc., etc.)

As an island race it is natural that sea travel should attract the British tourist and holiday taker. But, frankly, too few at present avail themselves of the highly luxurious and delightful tours by sea that modern enterprise and modern luxury steamers provide.

Among the latter the boats of the Union-Castle Line stand high. To-day steamship companies have placed a network of routes across the world, and have, to use a common phrase, brought the distant parts of the earth, if not exactly to one's doors, then certainly within easy reach.

AMUSEMENT ON BOARD: A sporting scene on one of the luxury steamers

There are few more delightful resorts than what are known as the Atlantic Isles, which comprise Madeira and the Canary Islands. Formerly people were inclined to consider them as rather more in the nature of winter resorts than as places which could be pleasantly visited at all seasons of the year. But just as Madeira has a climate rendered equable and warm in winter, by reason of its being an island, it is almost equally equable in spring, summer, and autumn. Bearing this fact in mind, the steamship company we have named is running a service weekly to Madeira from Southampton, with intermediate sailings to the Canaries fortnightly from London. And from May 30 right through the summer there are especially low fares, which should tempt holiday-makers of all classes to avail themselves of this opportunity of visiting some of the most delightful islands in the world.

GRAND CANARY: A general view of Las Palmas, showing the cathedral

Madeira has a magnificent coast-line, and long before one's steamer draws into the roadstead at Funchal, and one gains a sight of the town built along the waterside, with hundreds of villas climbing up the mountain at the back of the town, one becomes aware of the striking beauty of Madeira's pine-clad peaks, with Pico Ruevo, or the Red Peak, rising over 6,000 ft. in the background. In Funchal there are excellent hotels, offering accommodation which meets all tastes and fits all pockets.

Las Palmas, the capital of Grand Canary, is in many ways a delightful town, chiefly distinguished by its old houses with their flat roofs, and palm trees are seen everywhere. It has a background of pleasant but low hills, the cathedral dominating the picture. The streets are well kept, and there is a good Casino and fine hotels in the capital. Seen from the sea the town is a very attractive-looking place, and when one lands one is struck by the delightful public gardens and open squares.

THE NEW FASHION RESORT: Funchal, Madeira, from the sea

Grand Canary, too, has many mineral springs of which one hears comparatively little, but which may some day, when their virtues have been more definitely defined and ascertained, be heard much more of.

Teneriffe is perhaps chiefly known because of its wonderful peak, which, under favourable conditions of good visibility, is seen from a very great distance and long before the island itself becomes visible. The scenery and climate of Teneriffe are delightful. The former very like that of Madeira on a smaller scale. One is amazed by its beauty and variety and impressed by the wilderness of its gorges.

The voyage to South Africa on a Union-Castle liner is a sheer delight. To those who have never voyaged on a "floating hotel," as the modern liner has not inaptly been called, the experience will be amazing. There is an absence of the noise inseparable from a vast modern hotel capable of accommodating as many guests as can be made happy on such a boat as the fine new motor-ship *Carnarvon Castle*, the *Arundel Castle*, or even one of the smaller vessels, which is delightful. But there is, nevertheless, that stir of life and undersong of human activity that is so intriguing. For the town-dweller and for those with jaded physique and jangled nerves there is no more restful or health-giving experience.

And the air. It is both fresh and beneficent. It has travelled over, not germ-laden lands and cities, but the sea—thousands of miles of it. Can one wonder that people feel vitality creeping back to them almost ere Land's End has sunk below the horizon?

Our advice is, try it. You will not regret the adventure. For it is an adventure for those who have never before been out of sight of land. An adventure, however, robbed of all discomfort and uncertainty, and full of possibilities of health and enjoyment.

BIG GAME IN AFRICA: Wildebeeste and impala seen at a water-hole

A day or two out and there is a movement among the passengers and ship's officers to organise amusements. The promenade decks, indeed, seem to be constructed with that view. So deck games such as quoits, shuffleboard, and cricket; sports (including cock-fighting, tugs-of-war, races, etc.) are the order of certain hours of the day with the energetic passengers and young people; and dancing and concerts the order of the night. The dancing being in the saloon, or alternatively on deck if the nights be warm.

What fun it all is. And "cosy corners" are not hard to find on a liner's decks in the dusk!

Once there was a man—there are legions of these—who had never been a voyage. He went. He said afterwards: "I had never imagined that there were such things. I was tired, bored, and out of sorts. Well, I had, I found, tumbled into a sort of "earthly paradise" where, fortunately, all the people were not angels, but human beings."

COMFORT AND LUXURY: The first-class saloon on one of the popular Union-Castle boats

Seventeen days or so of rest and enjoyment and then Table Mountain, rising out of the sea like a great grey-green fortress in the clouds. One does not soon forget the sight.

Cape Town lies under its shadow; an amazing place, whose flower-market is a beautiful and fragrant thing of gorgeous colour, whose buildings shine so white in the sunshine and whose atmosphere is so clear. It has grown out of the knowledge of those who knew it a quarter of a century ago. It constitutes, in fact, almost the Cape Peninsula in its far flung and beautiful suburbs stretching from Camps Bay to the City, and thence to the pleasant shores of False Bay and Muizenberg. From the latter there is an entrancing coast-line extending under rugged mountain slopes and leading one on to Cape Point, which someone has called "the fairest cape in the whole world."

OLD HAMBURG: A fleet, or canal, near the Deichstra se

The Cape possesses a most equable climate, and one of great restorative and recuperative power. Cape Town itself appeals to very varied tastes of holiday-makers, for it gives them royally of the magic of surf, sea, sands, and sky, with unrivalled bathing, fishing, and other pastimes.

The Cape Peninsula, too, is a very paradise for sportsmen of all kinds. Racing, tennis, golf; and it boasts two fine racecourses, that of the South African Turf Club at Kenilworth and that of the Milnerton Turf Club at familiarly-named Ascot.

But for those who make a lengthened stay of weeks or months in South Africa there is much to be seen. Century-old Port Elizabeth, on the shores of Algoa Bay, is well worth visiting, with its wonderful Humewood bathing beach, and the town rising above it picturesquely to a height of 200 ft., and stretching along the shores of the bay some five miles. Here one has the opportunity of seeing South Africa at play, for it is a famous and popular holiday resort with facilities for sports and pastimes of all kinds. Healthful and invigorating.

East London, also a health resort, with its Orient beach, fine promenade, handsome town hall, and wide, clean thoroughfares, has much of attraction. And the magnificent surf-riding provides just that spice of danger that bathers love. Then there is pleasant Durban, with its picturesque rickshaw boys in quaint garb and headgear, where one has the finest music in South Africa. And Pietermaritzburg inland, in Natal, all of these places to be visited. For those who can spare additional time for wider journeyings there is the spot where Cecil Rhodes lies sleeping; the wonderful Drakenberg district, with jagged peaks like Dolomites; the beautiful Howick Falls in Natal; Pretoria, with its strangely-shaped Union Buildings and pleasant surroundings, and other wonders farther afield.

Naturally one may be asked what does this sort of holiday cost? Very little when one considers its charm and novelty. The new summer months rates take one to Madeira and back 1st class for £20; 2nd class, £15; weekly sailings. And to the Canary Islands the fares are £20 1st class, alternate weeks. Hotels will be found to average about the same as in England for similar accommodation. To South Africa (Cape Town) the new summer return fares are 1st class, £90; 2nd class, £60; 3rd class (tourist), £30. Hotel charges will be usually found a little higher in South Africa than for similar accommodation in England.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

This admirably equipped and efficiently staffed Bureau exists for the dissemination of information and unbiased advice concerning travel and hotels at home and abroad. It does not sell tickets or book accommodation, but it acts as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the prospective tourist.

Inquiries are answered promptly and comprehensively, and should be accompanied by 3d. in stamps to cover postage of booklets, etc.

"THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau,

Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

Nature's World

Champion Canadian Huskies and an English Canine Aristocrat : A Porpoise Caught off Plymouth : Penguins on Parade

Ewing Galloway

HUSKIES OF THE NORTH: Two glorious specimens of the Arctic sled dogs owned by Mr. Arthur Beauvais, a champion driver, pose for the camera at Quebec in a temperature of 22 deg. below zero

THE PLAYBOY OF THE OCEAN DEEP: A porpoise caught off Plymouth. The gambolling of these beasts is one of the gayest features of an ocean trip. They are, however, fatal to the fishing fleet, as they are so powerful they smash the nets. The skin is used for boot-laces while the bodies give oil. This specimen weighs nearly a hundredweight

Inset above—CANINE BEAUTY TREATMENT: A wire-haired fox terrier undergoes a shampoo with electrical hair-drying at the Dog Baths and Requisites, Kensington. Canine aristocrats are now as *soignés* as the ladies of Society

"ALDERMEN OF THE LONDON ZOO": Penguins out for their constitutional in Regent's Park. The pompous waddle and the white waistcoat, against which the black back plumage gives the effect of a tail-coat, rendered the term alderman an apt simile in pre-War days

The WORLD of WOMEN

Edited by DIANA BOURBON

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

editorial

Funny that of all the professions so newly thrown open to the world of women the two in which women are most needed and should succeed best have attracted them least. Perhaps one should be more exact and say one profession and a trade.

Women ought to be architects. More, architects, nearly all of them, ought to be women. *Women ought to be builders*—and decorators and plumbers and electricians, and all those other mysterious things tacitly understood as being included under the words "Builder and Decorator" on the sign of one's local Mr. Bloggs. More, builders and decorators—or the great majority of them—ought to be women.

If only
WOMEN
would be
BUILDERS . .
—Who should design the places where women must work but women?

For upwards of 5,000 years the female of the species has lived in a dwelling of one sort or another chosen, contrived, or designed entirely by men.

She has slaved unnecessarily in monstrosities, two small rooms to a floor, that went up and up till backs broke and mountaineering kit was needed. Because *men* wanted to save a number of square yards of land to each house, and her labour was cheap. She has worked, or enticed her servants to do so, in dank basements where daylight hardly penetrated.

It was men who built houses for the poor in which the windows didn't open, and who blamed them for disliking fresh air. In which water approached no nearer than the back yard, and who blamed them for being dirty. Who set cottages in the bottom of valleys, where the water ran down and bred rheumatism. And on the tops of hills to catch the four winds of heaven.

They had bath tubs set away from the wall, and up from the floor, but not away enough, up enough, to make it possible to cleanse the germ's happy-hunting ground. Kitchen ranges that it required the courage of a Hannibal and the guile of a Napoleon to tame, while almost *certainly* it was a man who originally invented fluted china, and designed the kind of jug you can't get your hand inside.

One might go on for ever, taking it with a laugh, or crying over it, but the fact remains that man has disregarded woman's needs because he had no idea what these needs were.

It is only since women have become earners and articulate—articulate, sometimes vociferous—that *anything* has been done to make the average house habitable from the point of view of those who have to work in it all day.

The evolution of the house in the past few, very few, years has been phenomenal. If women could do so much just by force of demanding, and repeatedly demanding, what *couldn't* they do if they entered house-making from the point of view of practical politics? That's what they *ought* to do.

The only person in the world who knows exactly what are woman's needs and requirements in the home is woman herself.

Why this slowness on her part, then, to take to home-building in the literal as well as the figurative sense?

A new domestic architecture—we could do with it. A new standard of excellence in building craftsmanship—women are thorough and intensely practical.

When H. G. Wells, in writing *Joan and Peter*, made his girl of the War generation choose deliberately to go into the building business, a lot of other people besides the characters in the book thought her ideas odd. But one can only take off one's hat to Mr. Wells's Joan of *Joan and Peter* for being ahead of her times and on the right tack. More power to her estimates.

Gräfin Agnes Esterhazy, the noted film star, displays a charming model in white charmeuse and diamanté created by Clara Schultz at a recent ball in Berlin

An aristocrat of Hungary at a German Ball

Your powder and sachets should match your perfume

Perfume *and* Personality . . .

—Let them blend

Perfume is elegance and sophistication. "Using scent" is crude. Whole worlds of skill and subtlety lie between she who perfumes and the woman who "uses scent." The former has exploited the art of her femininity to its daintiest and most finished end, while the latter has failed to develop even the rudiments of that same femininity. Perfume should be as near as possible the aura of your own personality; faintly but quite definitely it should be the ethereal shadow of yourself, something elusive but ever present, on which you can not lay hands, nor define, nor trace to its source. If you are wise you realize its importance—its significance—and you use it skilfully and sparingly, an overpowering perfume being as fearsome a thing as a similar personality. Choose it because it seems to become you, not because it is smart, or because it has an alluring name.

And when you have chosen it, stick to it, let it have a chance—however well chosen, it will need one—to associate itself with you and your personality, and when the day dawns that your perfume has proved itself indissolubly connected with you—"My dear, I breathed a perfume like yours last night in the theatre; it wasn't the same but it brought you very close"—you will not be persuaded to change it for the one of the moment, though your *parfumeur* repudiates you as one of the forgotten of the goddesses of Fashion.

If you must have variety keep it to a time and place. Personally I prefer the same perfume always, an elusive, unchanging complement of tailor-made or evening frock. But there is much to be said for the woman who is clever enough to avail herself of one perfume for tweeds and another for afternoons; of a perfume for the country and another for the evening dress of towns.

She must choose each with consummate skill, and use each carefully and accordingly; then they will match her personality, which of necessity changes a little to accord with different types of dress. A fresh, youthful flower perfume fits in with country day wear, where a heavier and more exotic is preferable at night.

There are young perfumes and old, heavy and light; even to be found are gay ones and sad, trim ones and lazy ones—you will recognize them in turn if you start to think of perfumes as lovely, luxurious things that have *personalities* ready to fit into your own.

And, whatever you select, wear it cunningly.

N. C.

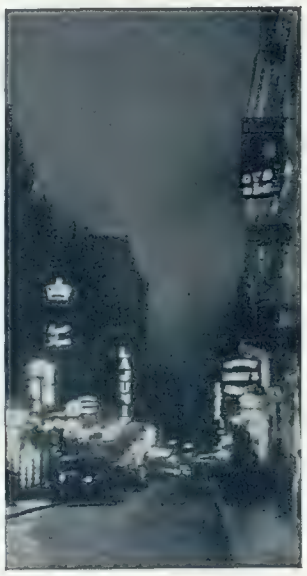
PARIS CALLING

—A caustic causerie from the gay city

By Pearl Adam

RUE TAITBOUT.

A FURRY WARNING.—After basking in sunshine and open windows all January, we are now shivering our way towards the beginning of spring. When February was drawing near its end I met no less than three women who had given fashion the go-by, and had buttons sewn on their fur-coats instead of holding them closed by elbow-power. By the way, be careful about fur coats coming from the less impressive wild beasts; what one might call the semi-precious beasts. They are Going Out, and all the tendency is towards sable, downwards from plain sheer sable through kolinsky and the lesser American cats towards dyed bunny and what Barry Pain once described as "charwoman's sable."



THE PARIS ONE DREAMS OF: *A nocturne of the Rue Pigalle, where the supper-clubs are*

MARRIAGE *IS* EXPENSIVE.—People are hurrying up to get married before Lent, or else saving up to get married after it, because it is becoming more expensive than ever. France has adopted the English style of many bridesmaids, and they are perfect darlings in clusters like that, only of course they do make the thing dearer (as darlings should, perhaps!) The bridegroom has to fork out for fourteen presents and fifteen bouquets instead of six and seven; and then, in this country, there is the question of the offertory bags. Once, in the dear dead days of Never-you-mind-when, English bridesmaids gave wedding favours to all the guests in the church whattime the newly-married pair was signing its names and kissing each other's aunts in the vestry. The custom has died out, but in France there still very definitely exists the custom of extracting money from the guests. The whole question is what form should the bags take? A little while ago metal cups were used, with the armorial quarterings of the happy couple; but there was a sound of clinking, and that was a bit disconcerting now that our biggest coin is worth fourpence and our smallest paper only runs to tenpence! So this year we are having little round Victorian bouquets of artificial flowers, with hidden bags below them, and the bridesmaid has to see that the dissimulated aperture is open just when the guest has the offering ready!

FROM THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: *A wonderful view of the Champs Élysées seen from the arch above the grave of the Unknown Soldier*

A MORBID THEATRE.—The theatre in Paris is doing all sorts of unexpected things, mostly rather gloomy—unless you think the Last Day a light-hearted subject? We've had two plays about it almost since we had our permanent wave renewed. The last one, at the Pigalle, makes you long for everybody to be really killed, for they are a measly crew. Anybody would be ashamed to behave to a mere burglar, or when recovering from the 'flu, the way this lot does when it thinks the end of the world is coming. A set of sickly cravens. O! but there's worse to come. One Paris theatre is going to stage a piece about the Dreyfus case, and another is going to put on a poetic drama on the same theme by Maurice Rostand. Trust our Maurice, we're going to catch a bit of discussion! His father, who was a real poet, could see the whole world in a farmyard; but the son tries to see something big in political events. Anyhow, he writes big, and seems to enjoy it, so let us hope that a good time is had by all. But I don't think Dreyfus will like it much.

ART FOR CULTURE'S SAKE.—Quite soon we shall have the good old Spring Salon with two thousand pictures—or four or eight?—one loses count. But we don't expect from our jog-trot show any such fun as we had from the Indépendants. The police got its hackles up and took away a picture that showed war as a vampire. There was a Question in Parliament, and the canvas was put back. And then somebody went and shot ink at it. There was also a naughty one that was taken away and not put back, a portrait of a gentleman before he had dressed, and the ink would have been really useful there, but nobody knows whether the obliterator of the war-vampire was pro-war, anti-army, Francophile, or Bolshevik. The Spring Salon will not be so dramatic, but you can't afford to miss it, because, as you have been away ski-ing life ever since before Burlington House broke out Italian all over, you obviously have to catch up with Cultchah on your way home, and well before you meet with the people who are just going to go to Tcheco—Tchecko—Slowgo—well, well, one of these places where Yugo but I don't. The Goulasch countries.

GLASS HOUSES . . . *almost*

— the latest thing at which only the die hards would throw stones

By Violet King

Important changes have taken place quite recently in the world of glass. No longer do owners of well-appointed homes choose their lighting fixtures when the house is out of the hands of the architect; and glass, nowadays, does not merely apply to a few bowls and jars and lights. It is actually a part of the building, and a big part in many cases where people have the means to have a house practically made of glass. It is supposed to fulfil a large part of homes for modernists.

There is a decorative harmony—which is pleasing—in glass, and wherever it has been handled by a master hand, such as Mr. Walter Gilbert, it is a thing of beauty as well as utility.

MOULDED GLASS: *Fascinating panels by Mr. Walter Gilbert*

On right:
SPIDER AND FLY: *An exposition of the architectural value of glass*

COLOUR SCHEMES *for different* WOODS

— do not mix mahogany with red, nor pink with Queen Anne

By Ann Drew

You can't just throw a colour scheme and a furniture period (which is, of course, to say a certain style of furniture allied to a certain definite wood), together haphazard and hope for any sort of distinction as a result. Two cut-and-dried ideas, arrived at separately, can never be amalgamated in the game of furnishing. They have to be evolved together to be really part of each other.

For there are certain woods that like certain colours, and resolutely refuse to live happily with other colours . . . largely, I suppose, because they—the woods—are colours themselves, even though only subsidiary ones. They are not often enough considered in that light by the amateur decorator.

How often, for instance, even to-day, does one come across that elementary decorative mistake so beloved of the Victorians: a combination of red and mahogany? Mahogany, the reddest of all woods, absolutely clamours for union with a cool, aloof colour, like pale or jade green; a little less good—powder-blue; excellent—a full-bodied cream; or even oyster-colour with touches of green or gold to relieve the monotony.

The easiest wood to handle decoratively is undoubtedly walnut—which probably accounts in some measure for its long and persistent popularity. It varies from the dark, almost black, brown of some old Italian pieces, to the lovely pale gold colour associated in one's mind with the best of Queen Anne. And whether one is dealing with the light or the dark walnut, a wide variety of colours meet the case.

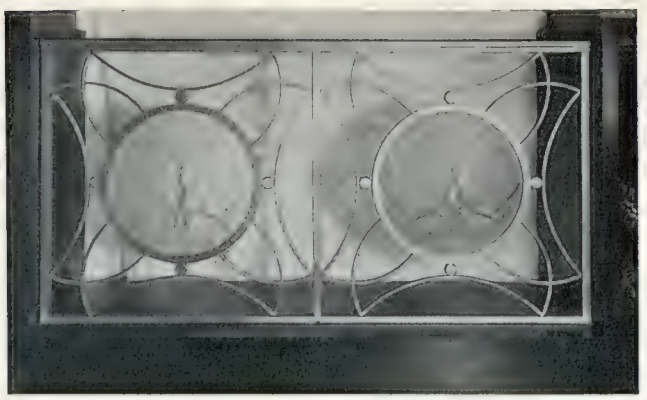
IN SCARLET AND GOLD: *A notable X chair in red velvet and antique gold trimmings with finials at the back. From Howard and Sons', Berners Street*

Yellows and old golds make a particularly interesting scheme, seeming to take up the high lights in the wood and produce an effect of unity, and yet of light and shade, better than anything else. I have also seen a warm fawn used effectively in a Queen Anne room. Blue and green are good walnut "tones," and even mauve is possible, though a little too modern and sophisticated for strictly period use. A very soft, slightly faded rose is perfect; so are ashes of rose, and a rather delicate "blush" pink. But a "hot" rose or vivid mauvish pink is impossible—and that although quite vivid brocades on the red tone were fashionable in the actual walnut period. (Red itself is far less offensive with walnut than with mahogany.)

Oak presents two distinct

Whole doors of glass are in some houses, others are left very plain for the sole purpose of having decorated glass panels inset. Panels of glass

BY THE CREATOR OF THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GATES: *Glass designs by Mr. Walter Gilbert*



PEACOCK DESIGN: *Striking simplicity in glass and metal*

to-day are of primary importance as interior decoration, and few rooms of really new design are without them.

Not only are panels considered for structural parts of houses, but for the most delicate purposes of boudoir decoration, and by using slides of tinted glass between the light and the actual panel, wonderful effects can be produced. The peacock, with spread tail, is a favourite *motif* for wall panels, and this is attractive when lighted with various shades of colour.

Although we are supposed to be living in a hard, realistic age, nothing could be more mystic or imaginative than a room in the heart of May-fair, which is practically all glass, having doors, leading from the drawing-room, of solid glass to show through into a sunshine corridor lighted up with wall-brackets of glass masks against a yellow wall varnished from floor to ceiling all one colour.

A solid glass dining-table, with fruit arranged in frosted glass boats, wines chosen for their exquisite colours and seen through engraved glass, and lovely flowers chosen also for their colouring, with table-lights of changing colours turning the table-glass into sparkling jewels, and all else is superfluous.

problems . . . one for the dark-stained variety and another for the "pickled" type so popular to-day. Red, vivid rose, peacock blue, in fact nearly all very strong, robust colours are definitely indicated for the former. They warm it . . . and its effect without such outside assistance can be very cold and inhospitable indeed. And they combat its tendency to appear sombre.

Weak—or more "genteel"—colours, all the paler shades, are apt to appear ineffective in combination with dark oak. But they may be added to the robust ones in offering practically unlimited colour-choice to *pickled* oak, and this also applies to the (very similar) plain pine panelling for which there is such a vogue to-day. Indeed only cream, fawn, oyster, grey, and yellow are banned. With such a whitish-silvery wood they would merge into an effect of being all background with nothing moving against it.

Plain black, or plain parchment colour (for which there has been an increasing demand) are really at their best only with coloured furniture—for instance, Chinese or Queen Anne lacquer, painted Venetian, or ornate, inlaid Spanish pieces. With these they are ideal.

Many of the modern woods present problems of their own. Unlike their predecessors of the old-established, sanctified "periods" it is a problem not of eliminating too much colour but of getting enough. Some of the ultra-modernist rooms owe the dull, almost dead, appearance that repels so many people entirely to their near-colourlessness. It must be recognised that the less colour you get in the wood pieces of furniture that populate every room the more you must import in accessories. Dainty fragility in these things is to be attempted only when you have a robust wood capable of providing the room with an appearance of flesh and blood.

QUEEN ANNE STILL LIVES: *A reproduction card-table and a writing-chair, both in walnut, by Howard and Sons', Berners Street*

WOMAN— *the* PEACEMAKER?

AMAZON OF RUSSIA: *Catherine the Great who was pre-eminent in both love and war—two feminine specialities!*

— Woman is a tigress and is infinitely more military than man

By O. F. Theis

If someone were to come out with the flat statement that women love war, that they have been the source of world conflagration proportionately as often as men, there would be a violent protest from all sides. But there is a good deal of truth in it for all that, and I for one would be willing to back it with facts and figures if called upon to do so.

Have wars ceased when women have been in command of great nations? Certainly not. Think of the wars which were fought under queens and empresses—Maria Theresa of Austria with the Seven Years War, Catherine of Russia with her endless wars of conquest, Elizabeth and the fight to the finish with Spain, Victoria with the Crimean War, the Boer War, and any number of minor struggles in India and Africa.

All women are supposed generally to be lovers of peace. This is a fallacy spread by women who have the leisure to indulge their imaginations, and who fancy themselves in all sorts of rôles foreign to their natures. The truth is that women are born fighters, more power to them. Wherever there is a good old row going on there you will find women as thick as men. One doesn't have to go back to the Amazons to prove that either. Joan of Arc, a saint and a great woman, could not have fought with such spirit if she hadn't loved it. If she had lived to be an old woman, all her dreams would have been of armour, drums, and flying banners.

No men have ever been so rapturously adored by women as the men who have come home from war. No matter how pacifist a woman may declare herself, she knows in her heart that the greatest thrill of her life would come from welcoming her man home from the struggle covered with medals and glory. And to the average woman one large thrill is worth a million nice tame little pleasures.

Why is it so generally assumed that women are by nature mild, gentle, and pacific? They are as a matter of fact nothing of the sort. The basic tigerishness in women puts the mere male fighting instinct in the shade. As the tigress when roused is much more terrifying than the tiger so women are more implacable and more savage enemies than men. If women went to war it would be the most inhuman and merciless conflict the world has ever seen. Thank God that the chances are they never will be allowed to.

"SHE WHO SHATTERED THE MIGHT OF SPAIN": *Queen Elizabeth, who was never more feminine than in her support of Drake and his freebooters and her heroic stand against Philip II*

I do not know of a single instance in which women really went on strike against war except the comic one recorded by Aristophanes in his *Lysistrata*. Women are always signing protests against war. But whoever thought paper protests accomplished anything?

Who reads the War books to-day? Judging by my experience, two-thirds of the readers are women. And why do they read these tales of unmentionable horrors? Surely not because they hate them. No. The ghoulish atrocities depicted there appeal to the savage instincts dormant in women.

Nine-tenths of the pacifism so prevalent among modern women is nothing but sheer funk. They hate war because it threatens to take their husbands, lovers, and sons away from them. So would they hate another woman who threatened to take their men away from them. Their argument is neither idealistic nor patriotic, but personal and selfish.

Another fallacy at the bottom of much pacifist propaganda is that war never benefits woman. She is always painted as the poor sufferer, bereaved of all that was dear to her. But is she? This last War at least brought her a freedom the like of which she had never known before. Politically she gained the suffrage in England, America, Germany, and Russia as the result of the War. Economically and socially it has profited her almost incredibly.

Never has there been so much humbug as is talked among professional female peace-mongers. Much more honest is the nursemaid who is proud to be seen walking out on her day off with a soldier.

Frankly, most of the efforts of the good women associated with the various organizations for the promotion of international amity are utterly ineffectual. Their love of peace is much like the love of the Victorians for the heathen. It gives them something to fuss and talk about. To the ordinary woman of the middle classes, whose life is sheltered, secure, and completely uneventful, there has been nothing so delightful as the wickedness of war to play about within years.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

Fine Furniture

—Old and New

ONE OF A SET OF SIX: *An example of fine Hepplewhite shield-back chairs from Edwards and Sons of Regent Street*

On right—WILLIAM AND MARY: *One of a pair of exquisite arm-chairs in walnut covered with red velvet from Edwards and Sons of Regent Street*

IN CARVEN OAK: *A very fine carved oak reproduction dresser by Gill and Reigate, George Street, Hanover Square*

MAHOGANY AND AMBOYNA: *A fine reproduction china cabinet, the top carcase shelved, the bottom with drawers, by Gill and Reigate, George Street, Hanover Square*

IN THE MANNER OF HONDE KOETER: *An early eighteenth century screen in leather from M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street*

ASCRIBED TO THOMAS CHIPPENDALE: *A rare set of three large arm-chairs in mahogany, partly gilt. They were supplied to a West Country lodge. From M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street*

LIFE in ROME of the CÆSARS.

A Reconstruction of Existence in the Purple

By G. B. Hughes

Had you been a rich person living in Rome during the time of the Cæsars, the ceiling of your living-room would have been a round vault encrusted with brilliant-coloured mosaics. Your walls would have been panelled in marble—yellow Numidian, green-veined Cipollino, and Phrygian, with its spots of violet. The couch upon which you would recline would have been spread with silken fabrics in every brilliant hue. From statuesque fountains along one wall little streams of water would have tinkled into alabaster basins overflowing into the larger pool below. There would have been many other evidences of luxury—portraits of ancestors hanging on the walls, rich bronze lamps and candelabra, gold and silver dinner services.

But there would have been a noticeable absence of outside light, for there were no windows in that period. All the rooms of a house were grouped around the three sides of a pool. Here the light came from the ceiling above, which was open to the sky. And the pool was underneath to catch whatever rain might fall through. Transparent glass was not discovered until 1300 A.D., therefore the earlier dwellings of Rome were built around the interior light of an open court, called the atrium. Clear water not only flowed from the fountains, but was also piped in lead to the kitchen, and to the pools of their private baths, whence it could be drawn by brass taps. Drains, too, ran from these baths to the main sewer under the street. There was heating as well. The hollow floors were kept artificially warm by means of furnaces.

Only in one main feature did the Roman villa fail in modern comfort—and that was its artificial lighting. A wick of flax fed with olive oil, or a candle of pitch, or of wax. China was conspicuous by its absence. It was not introduced until centuries later. No Roman who could afford, or thought he could afford, gold or silver or glass, would have used the coarse earthenware of his day. All food was cut up in the kitchen—they ate with their fingers—and servants removed a dish and instantly replaced it at the slightest inclination of their mistress's head. First they might have "slices of egg round a dish of eels larded with rue." After that, "a kid," and then a couple of "savoury stews, with beans and dwarf cabbages." Pears and melons were the favourite fruits of the rich.

The joists of the buildings were of wood. There was no limit to the height that a house or shop could be built. The Emperor Augustus made a law to the effect that the street frontage should not be more than 70 ft. in height, but behind that nine and ten stories could be piled if desired.

Some of the streets were hemmed in between walls that rose to a height of seven storeys and more. On the ground floor these were broken only by the entrance doorways; but above this level the 10-ft. width was narrowed even more by projecting balconies and bow windows. On some buildings these jutted out so far that they almost touched each other across the shadowy gorge, and the road below was in perpetual twilight. Yet this was a desirable residential street.

FOOTBALL IN THE MALL

Just about a hundred years before Association Football, just about a hundred years before Rugby, Guinness were brewing the same natural beverage which builds up the muscles, the nerves, the stamina of athletes.

A hundred and seventy years ago a few barrels of Guinness were brewed. The quality was so fine, the public appreciation so great, that to-day millions of glasses of Guinness are sold daily, and the Guinness Brewery is by far the largest in the World

GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

G E 68A

The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

Workmen renewing portions of Brooklands motor-track in readiness for the opening of the racing season

STICK TO THE SIDE-WALK.—Some time ago I drew attention in these notes to the newly-formed Pedestrians' Association. When this organization started on its career motorists naturally hoped that it would concern itself with the education of the pedestrian and thus do a useful work in helping to reduce the number of preventable accidents which unfortunately take place each year.

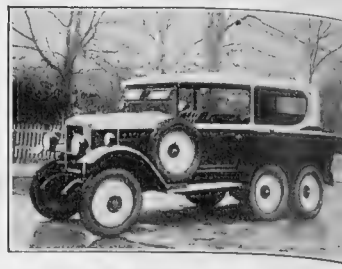
It seems to me that instead of getting on with such a policy the Pedestrians' Association is concerning itself with what motorists should do, apparently quite forgetful of the fact that the motoring community have already several organizations which are more than capable of looking after those people for whose benefit they were formed. The fact that there are so many accidents in which what we must call "jay walkers" are concerned is a definite proof that the people who walk place very high regard on the abilities and skill of the average motorist. The man or woman who walks off the pavement without looking to the right or the left, or the pedestrian who wilfully walks in front of a moving motor-car in order to demonstrate his rights to the road, would never dream of acting in such a manner if they had not emplanted into them the knowledge that a motor-car in the hands of a skilful driver can be pulled up quickly or deviated sharply in order to avoid an unlooked-for obstacle. The trouble, unfortunately, is that the pedestrian takes too much for granted, so that when the road is slippery, or the light is very bad, his belief in the motorist's skill is too optimistic and the worst happens.

There are so many eminent people connected with the Pedestrians' Association that it seems a pity that such ability should be directed along the wrong lines. If ever any organization had plenty of legitimate work to perform the Pedestrians' Association has it. Every motorist is a pedestrian, and it is no good, therefore, endeavouring to stir up enmity between the pedestrian and the motorist; also it is as futile to attempt to stop the tide of progress as it would be to try and dam up the waters of the Thames by stretching a canvas sheet under Westminster Bridge.

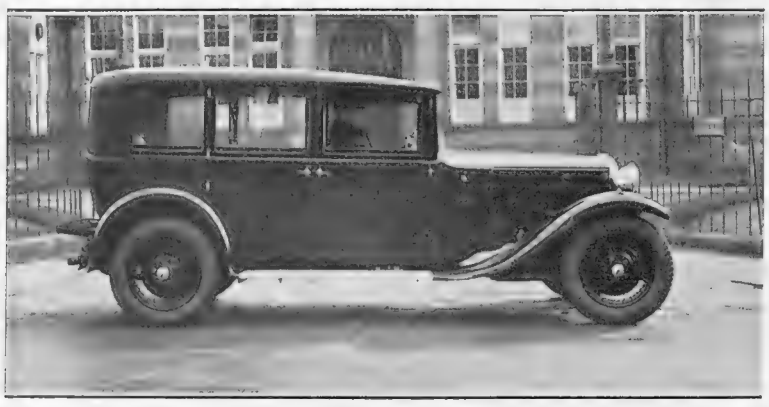
AN OUTSTANDING BRITISH CAR.—I have written so many words of late regarding the inefficiency of the average braking system seen on British cars that I was beginning to wonder if the standard as given me by my own car was too high, but after testing the latest example of the Hillman Straight Eight I can only say that my remarks are more than confirmed. This car has brakes which are a shee joy to use; they are as light as a feather to operate they are progressive, and one feels, even in an emergency that only about 50 per cent. of the valuable power is bein employed. I can truthfully say that no foreign car tha I have ever driven on the road had more satisfactor brakes, in fact in this respect I can honestly give th Hillman full marks.

Although I have started by singing the praises of th Hillman brakes it does not mean that my remark regarding the other parts of the car are going to b any less satisfactory. It is only some months ago sinc I last drove a Hillman, and during that period th transformation has been almost unbelievable. In th past I criticized the Hillman Straight Eight as being fluffy and slightly rough car, but the one I recentl

(Continued on following page



One of the Safari *cars which t Prince of Wales is using on h African trip*



For a Lady of Exquisite Taste: A Humber Pullman limousine which has just been supplied by Rootes, Ltd., to Lady Chamberlain, wife of the ex-Foreign Minister. This is a striking example of Lady Chamberlain's genius for the best

Admiral of the Fleet: The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce leading a line of Hillma cars along the promenade at Bournemouth. Praises of the Hillman Straigh Eight are sung loud and long by Mr. Percy Bradley in the above article

Cures by Abdulla

SLOW STARVATION

The Neverwells arrive in haste to grow diaphanously thin—
He fears an Aldermanic waist, while she abhors a double chin:
At twenty guineas each a week they look a light-weight pair of ghosts
Who dream of steaks, (the flesh is weak), and suet-roll and buttered toasts.

Immaculate in evening kit, their only meal's a hideous farce—
One "pomme-de-terre" to keep them fit, and clear cold water in a glass:
A cannibal's ferocious glare dawns redly in their hungry eyes . . .
Till Life becomes a gay affair, tasting Abdulla's ecstasies.

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

The PETROL WORLD

(*Continued from preceding page*)

handled was lively and as smooth as if every bearing and fractional surface had been lined with velvet. The engine is easy to start up, and owing to the automatic radiator shutters gets to its proper temperature very quickly. It will draw the car along at speeds in excess of 60 m.p.h. and at no point within its range is there the slightest trace of vibration.

NO FAULT TO BE FOUND.—The gears run as if they were made of butter, the change is easy, and the lever is placed in a convenient position. The transmission throughout is of the same high standard, in fact I know of no other car that goes along more smoothly or more silently. The suspension is beyond criticism, and the steering can be placed in the same category. I was glad to note too that the lock provided is more than ample for all ordinary needs.

The saloon body with which the car was fitted was beautifully carried out, every comfort was provided, and every person whom I took in the car added to the praises which I myself sang.

I have not one point on which I can offer criticism nor can I make any suggestions as to how any part of it could be improved. That is my honest opinion of the car irrespective of its price. Everything I have said I would say again if the car cost a thousand pounds, but as a matter of fact it costs less than five hundred.

I would certainly like to congratulate the makers on producing a car that will go a long way towards building up the prestige of the British motor trade abroad, and I am glad to note that Messrs. Rootes, Limited, who kindly lent me the car are responsible for handling it overseas. The combination of the car and this firm is bound to make the Hillman popular overseas.

FIGURES THAT LIE.—A short time back the R.A.C. drew attention to the false impressions that had arisen from a casual perusal of the report by the London Traffic Advisory Committee dealing with street accidents. A similar warning is necessary in connection with the return of street accidents recorded by the Metropolitan Police during the last three months of 1929. In commenting on the figures contained in this report one daily newspaper used the expression "private car the deadliest vehicle"; another referred to "the toll of the traffic"; and yet another "of the 407 killed, 390 were victims of mechanically-propelled vehicles." In addition the official report heads the analysis of accidents with the words, "Summary of fatalities caused by vehicles during fourth quarter of the year 1929, showing how deceased persons met their deaths."

The impression that must inevitably be conveyed by the above is that mechanical vehicles were *responsible* for practically the whole of the fatal accidents recorded.

The facts entirely disprove this. Of 267 pedestrians who were killed in the Metropolitan area during the period under review, the return shows that 235 lost their lives through their own carelessness or recklessness. Of the 407 fatalities recorded, as already stated 235 were due to the fault of pedestrians. A further fifty-three were pedal cyclists, and there is nothing to show that in any one of these accidents a motor vehicle was responsible. Thus of the total, 288 fatal accidents were actually outside the control of motorists altogether.

GIVING A DOG A BAD NAME.—The R.A.C. is unceasing in its efforts to reduce the number of accidents which occur in the streets of this country. It has always held, however, that the first step toward such a reduction is a true appreciation of the cause of accidents. At the present time the whole tendency of legislation, and to a certain extent of public opinion, is to blame the motor for the accident, and in consequence to place further restrictions on its movements. Actually a careful study of accident returns shows that although motor vehicles are *involved* in a large number of accidents, they are only *responsible* for a small proportion of them.

WHITEHALL EXAMINES the LOCUST

(*See also p. 429*)

From the time when "the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt," about 1600 B.C., as recorded in Exodus, they have winged their pestilential way over no inconsiderable part of the earth. Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia have all been penalized by the presence of the insect, whose name, *locusta*, was originally applied by the Romans to the lobster by reason of its accepted resemblance to the insect.

Its area of distribution is enormous, for it extends from Cape Town in the south to Siberia in the north, while in Europe it occurs in the areas bordering on the Mediterranean, plagues of the insects being common in all the drier parts of Africa, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Hungary, Asia Minor, Arabia, Palestine, Iraq, Persia, and India; enormous tracts in Siberia, North, Central, and South America, as well as Australia, so that it is well known in every one of the great divisions of the world.

Inhabiting so many lands there are, naturally, several species of the insect, which varies in size from a creature probably 4 in. in length to one no larger than a grasshopper, by which name indeed it is known in America and Canada. Each species appears to have its area of constant location as well as an area to which it migrates.

The swarms constantly travel 100 miles and more, and there is a record of one which covered a ship in the Atlantic 1,200 miles from land. So numerous are these swarms, which fly as a rule at a height of from 50 to 200 ft., and on occasions considerably higher, that they actually obscure the sun, while the noise made by their wings is very loud.

Although known for so long, many facts in the life history of the locust have yet to be worked out. To this end a Whitehall Committee is at present organizing research which will occupy the attention of the proper authorities of the Natural History Museum for several years in the different countries concerned. The chief aim of this research will be to investigate the conditions favourable to the multiplication of the insects with a view to preventing it, thus avoiding their depredations in cultivated areas.

It is in its wingless condition and when the full-grown swarm is on the march that the locust is most destructive; then it will descend on a green field and reduce it to a barren waste in a couple of hours. On the other hand when the swarm is on the wing migrating, the locusts do not descend to feed as a rule although should they be hungry they naturally do so.

The fecundity of the locust is amazing. The female digs a hole in the earth for her eggs, which are contained in long cylindrical cases enveloped in a glutinous secretion. Half-a-century ago, in Cyprus egg cases to the number of 1,600,000,000, each case containing from forty to eighty eggs, were destroyed, the weight of the mass being over 1,300 tons, while two years later 5,076,000,000 egg cases were deposited in the island.

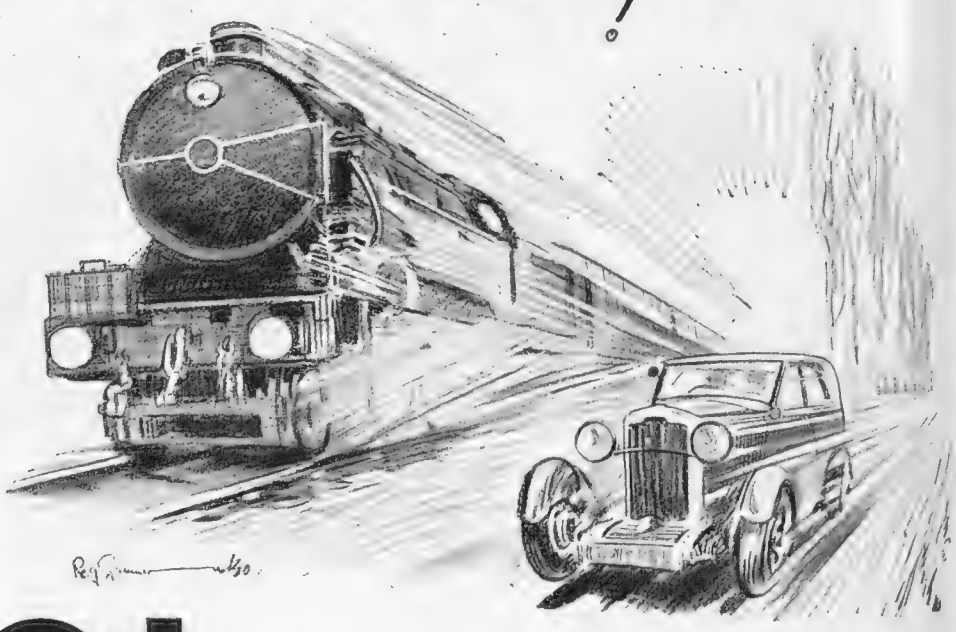
Even England has not been exempt from locust visitations, for in the middle of the eighteenth century a swarm resembling grasshoppers, but three times the size, settled on the ground near London and consumed the vegetables, while great numbers of them fell in the streets. Other swarms have been recorded, the earliest in 874.

Many devices have been employed to stamp out the plagues, among them being the destruction of the egg cases as well as the larvæ, while trenches have been dug along the line of march of the insects. The most modern plan is the use of poisoned bran, which substance the locusts prefer to growing vegetation, and in Palestine flame throwers like those used in the War are being extensively employed, while in Russia the swarms are dusted with powdered arsenic from aeroplanes. Nature also has striven to destroy them, for many birds feed on the locusts as do other insects, while parasites attack them. In Arabia and South Africa human beings eat them and consider them a distinct delicacy.

ROVER *beats the* BLUE TRAIN

FOR twenty hours on end, the little ROVER Light Six raced the lordly Blue Train from the Riviera. Despite darkness and fog, the ROVER beat the Train by 20 minutes over the 750 miles from St. Raphael to Calais—averaging 38 miles per hour.

The ROVER engine ran like a clock from start to finish, lubricated with Wakefield CASTROL, as used and *exclusively recommended* by the Rover Company Ltd.



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BY APPOINTMENT

Daimler

BY APPOINTMENT

The New Daimler "Twenty-five"

A Press Opinion

"A remarkable new car . . . definitely progressive. Maximum service . . . minimum attention. Needs less skilful care than any other. Perfectly delightful to drive. Admirable steering . . . wide lock, small turning circle . . . bumps and holes ironed out . . . Car remains happy when driving fast . . . The smoothest six-cylinder Daimler have built . . . Like the proverbial steam engine at slow speeds . . . Absence of vibration when revving fast . . . does not get rough or coarse when 'all out' . . . Acceleration on top gear exceedingly rapid . . . 10 to 30 m.p.h. in just under 9 secs. Gear changing reduced to a minimum."—*The Autocar.*

An Owner's Opinion

"I confirm that after 1,000 miles running the engine and transmission are very quiet and vibrationless, the whole car a sound engineering job.

"The $6\frac{3}{4}$ hours' run down was over wet roads, part of the time during heavy rain.

"So far the highest speed attained is 75 m.p.h., at which speed the engine ran sweetly and easily, with a complete absence of 'fuss.'

"The steering at any speed is miraculously light, and as North Cornwall is a country of hills and winding roads, the easy steering, lightning acceleration and smooth braking make driving a pleasure."

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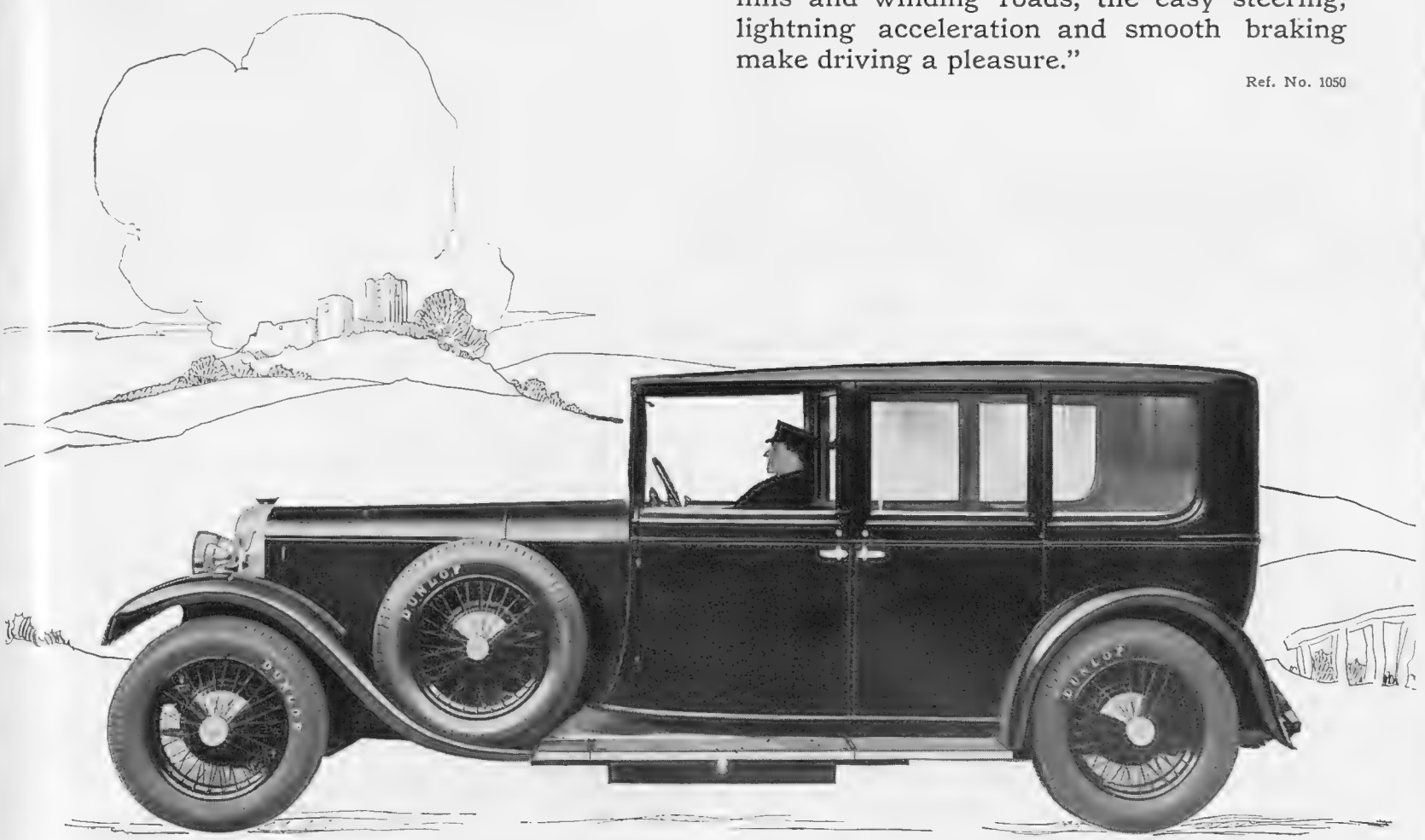

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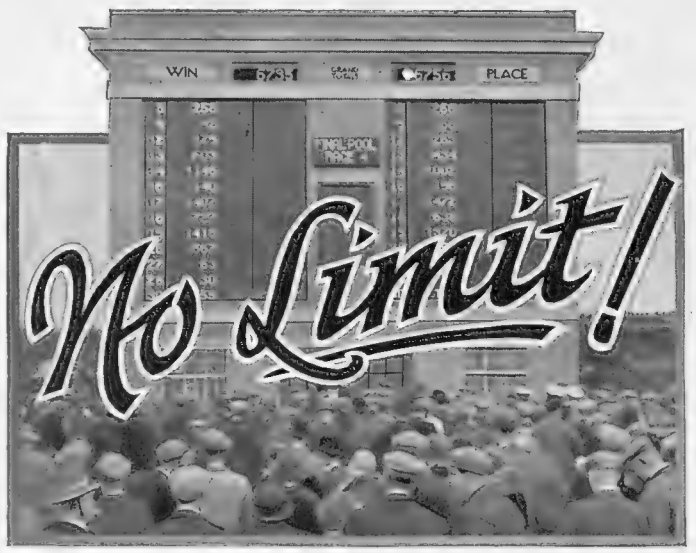

THE

TOTALISATOR

operated by the staff of the

Racecourse Betting Control Board

will be in use at

HURST PARK

On FRIDAY and SATURDAY

14TH AND 15TH MARCH

MELTON - - - On 17th March
CHELMSFORD - - On 19th March
SANDOWN On 20th, 21st, and 22nd March
COLWALL PARK - On 24th March
LINCOLN - On 24th, 25th, 26th March

Tickets representing bets of 2/-, 10/-, £1, and £10, either for Win or for Place, will be sold in the various enclosures.

Facilities will be available for using the Board's Betting Chits, obtainable from any branch of most of the leading Banks. These Betting Chits make it unnecessary for backers to carry cash to the Racecourse.

THE BOARD HAS ALREADY OPERATED TOTALISATORS ON THE FOLLOWING RACECOURSES:

Carlisle, Newmarket (July course), Lanark, Bogside, Catterick, Thirsk, Chepstow, Folkestone, Bath, Gatwick, Hurst Park, Ayr, Perth, Hamilton Park, Stratford-on-Avon, Kelso, Haydock Park, Hexham, Fontwell Park, Wetherby, Towcester, Sedgefield, Plumpton, Hawthorn Hill, Uttoxeter, Aldershot and Cheltenham.

The attention of all racegoers is drawn to the fact that by using the Totalisator for their bets they will be

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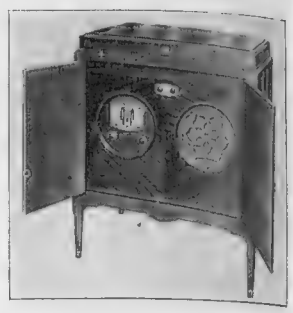
A RADIO-GRAMOPHONE *of Distinction.*

THE TEMPORARY TRANSMITTING CABIN on board the "Majestic" for ship-to-shore telephony

A Review of the new COLUMBIA product

By HUGH S. POCOCK

(Editor of *The Wireless World*)



A RADIO-GRAMOPHONE: The Columbia model with loud-speaker on right and controls on left

The link between electrical reproduction of gramophone records and broadcast reception is so close that it is only natural that a number of manufacturers should have turned their attention to the production of combined radio and gramophone models where the user has the choice of gramophone or radio at will.

A particularly interesting example of this combination is to be found in the new instrument which has just been put on the market by the Columbia Gramophone Company, Ltd. The Columbia Company has, of course, maintained a high reputation for many years past in the field of sound reproduction, but it was not until late last year that their first radio sets made their appearance. The new combined model utilises the best features of both products, and the cabinet-work and finish of the instrument is so beautifully executed as to make the outfit a very handsome piece of furniture. The instrument is entirely operated from the electric mains, either direct or alternating current, and consists of a radio-receiver operating a moving coil loud-speaker of the best type, whilst a separate power amplifier is employed for amplifying from the electrical pick-up for the reproduction of gramophone music.

The radio side of the equipment comprises three stages of high-frequency amplification, using screened grid-valves and transformer coupling. The set is designed to operate with a very small indoor aerial, which can be run from the back of the set to the picture-rail or some other convenient point. This arrangement has the advantage that the set is not directional in reception as it would be if a frame aerial had been incorporated. A test carried out on the radio-set showed that it is extremely sensitive and the selectivity is also very good.

TELEVISION: A STEP FORWARD

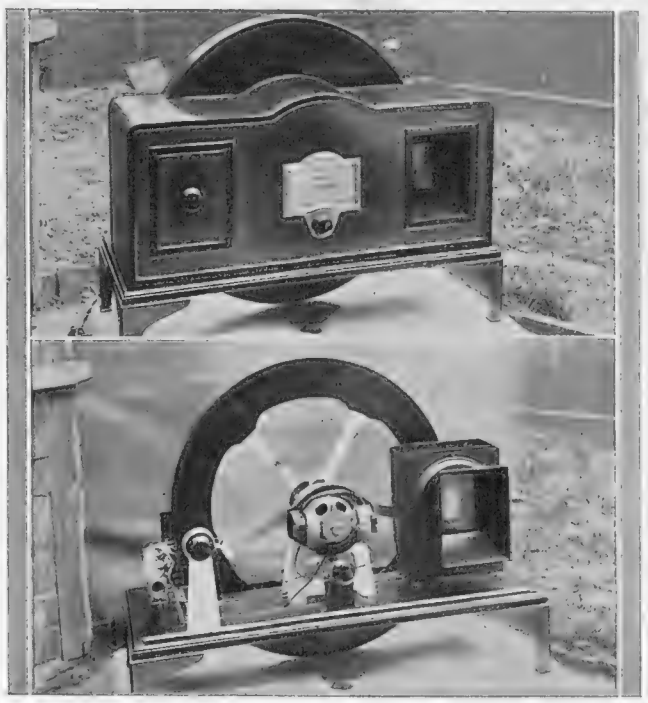
During the last few days the first of the Baird televisors to be manufactured commercially have come into the hands of the public, that is to say, one or two machines have been handed out to the technical press by the Baird Company. The accompanying pictures show the machine as it appears closed and also when the cover has been removed so as to reveal the mechanism within. The apparatus shown is of course only the scanning disc with the synchronizing arrangement and the aperture through which observation is made. The wireless receiving set and amplifier are required in addition before reception can be attempted.

Regular transmissions have been taking place for some time past from the Brookman's Park Station of the B.B.C., but it is understood that the Baird Company expects to obtain Post Office permission in the near future to erect a broadcasting transmitter of their own, working on 150 metres, so as to be well below and clear of the broadcasting wave-length band.

OCEAN CHATS WITH HOME

"You may telephone from here" is such a familiar sign in our streets that many passengers on the White Star liner, *Majestic*, seeing it above a certain cabin near the purser's office on C deck, may absent-mindedly accept it as a commonplace. They ought to regard it with awe, for it marks the establishment of the service, proclaimed open last week by the Postmaster-General, which wireless engineers have envisaged ever since the early days of ship radio.

Passengers can now speak to their friends on shore by means of a short-wave wireless plant developed by Standard Telephones and Cables, Ltd. The wave-length depends on the distance to be covered and the time of day, shorter waves being used for the longer distances and during the period of light. The *Majestic* uses three wave-lengths, viz., 33, 26, and 17 metres.



THE FIRST SALEABLE TELEVISOR: Mr. Baird's invention inside and out. Note the rotating scanning disc which is the heart of this almost magic gadget

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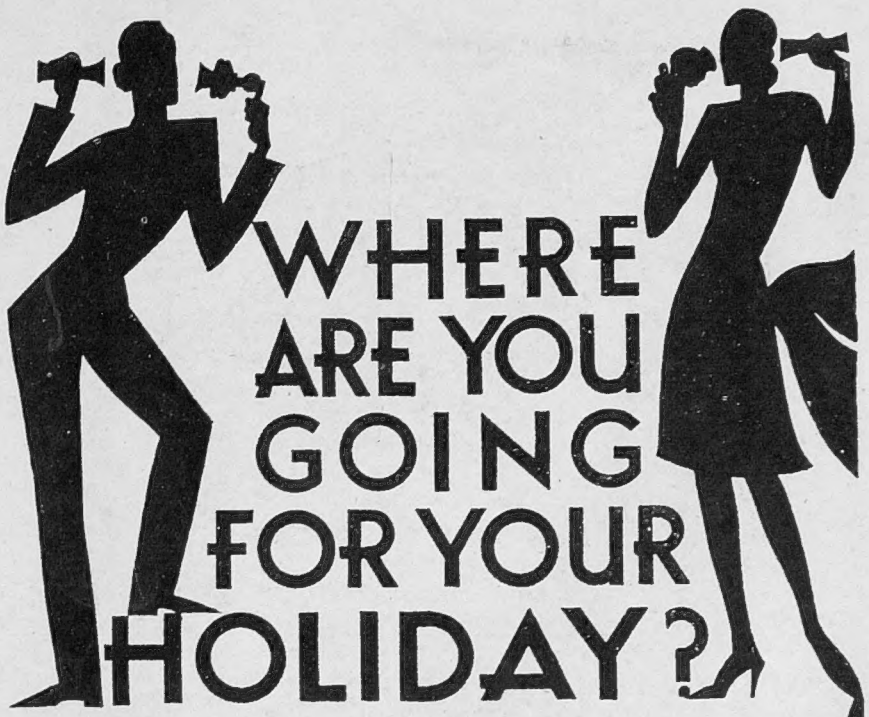

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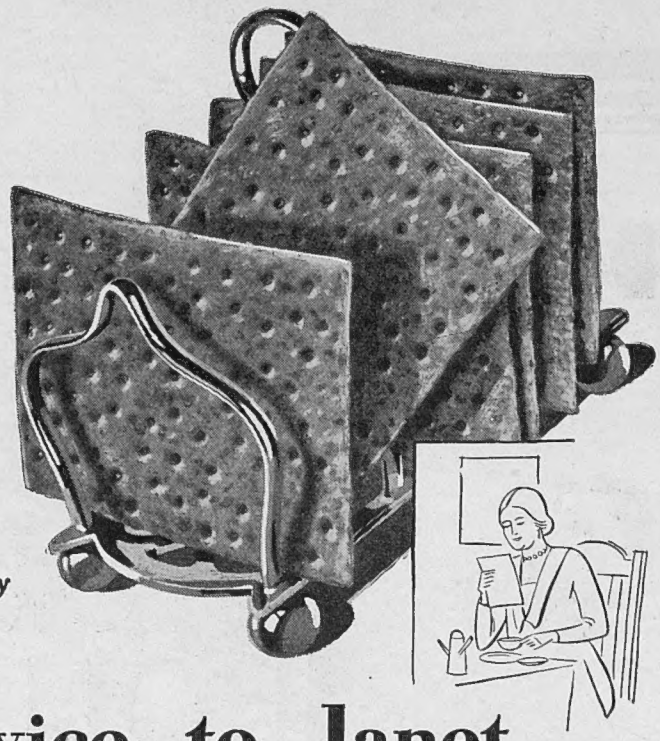

Letters from
Mary Goodbody

Advice to Janet

My dear Janet,

What a tale of woe! Indigestion *and* the "middle-aged spread!" Well, I can't resist such an appeal, so I'm going to give you a piece of advice for which you'll always thank me.

It's simply this. Have a toast-rack of Vita-Weat put on the table at every meal instead of ordinary bread or toast. You know the stuff I mean—it's that delightful crispbread of Peek Freans'. Dr. Jones put *me* on to it, because he said it was free from "unconverted starch." Anyhow, I've found it *most* digestible, and for the past two years I've felt a "new woman" altogether. Vita-Weat will also solve your other problem at the same time, because although it's very sustaining it's not at all fattening. You're right to want to keep slim, and what I've been telling you is the *healthy* way to do it....

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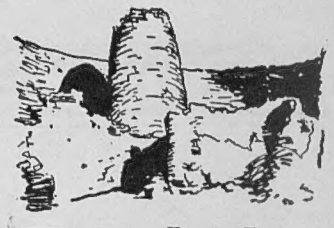

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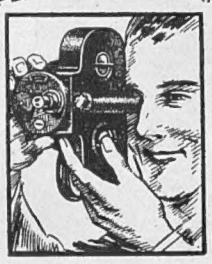

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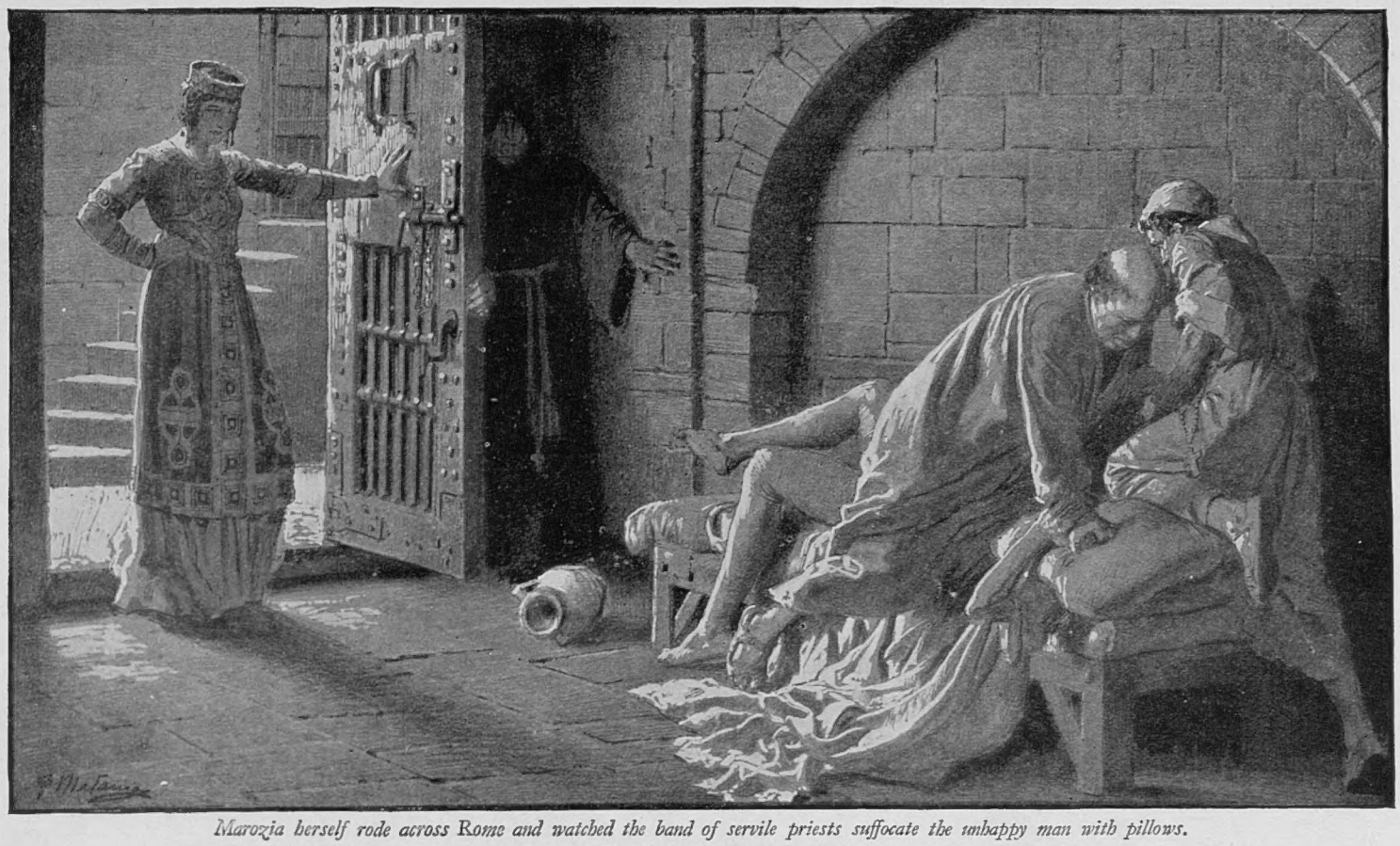
FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY — MAROZIA



Marozia herself rode across Rome and watched the band of servile priests suffocate the unhappy man with pillows.

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